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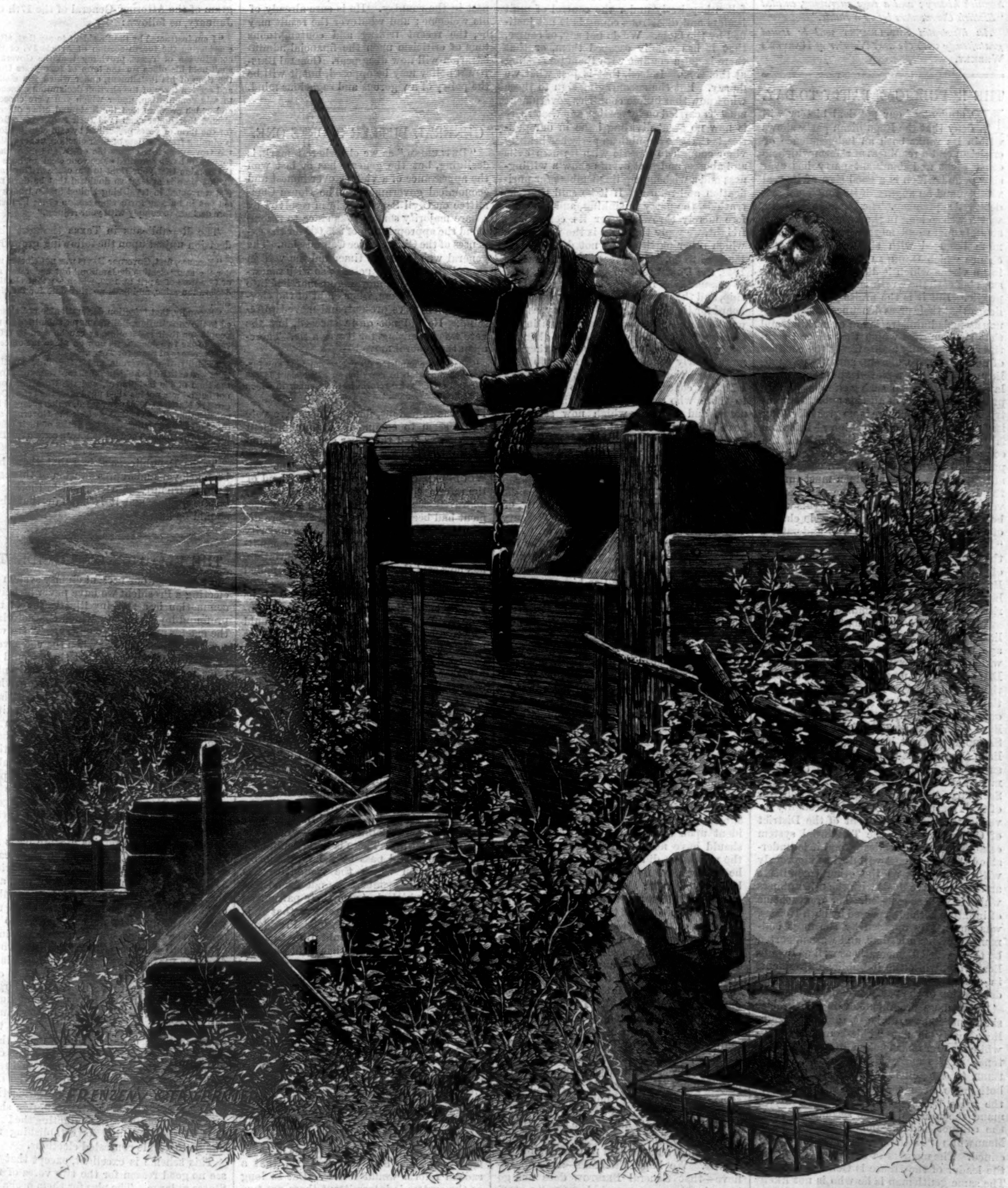

IRRIGATION IN COLORADO—LETTING WATER INTO A SIDE SLUICE-WAY.—[SEE PAGE 514.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a Eulogy on CHARLES SUMNER, *delivered by* GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS *before the Legislature of Massachusetts; a portrait of* SUMNER, *from* MILMORE'S *bust; a splendid double-page engraving, illustrating a tragical event in Spanish history; and a page engraving, entitled "Scottish Covenanters before a Battle."*

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY TO-DAY.

NO student of our political history will deny that the Republican party shows within its ranks both an independence of criticism and a readiness of reform which no other great and dominant party has ever shown, and which is a good sign of its real vitality, and an augury of its continued and deserved supremacy. The Democratic party, which was so long in the ascendant, became steadily more and more corrupt, more and more besotted with slavery, scorning the chance which DOUGLAS offered it of assuming a virtue which it did not have, until it sunk beneath the wrath and contempt of the people. But it is the praise of the Republicans that their press denounces most strenuously maladministration of every kind, and that the Congress which they control scrutinizes impartially and severely the conduct of administrative officers, and that Republican officers are removed and Republican laws repealed when such action is plainly proper. The effect of all this upon the country is evident. As there is no great dividing issue, and as the chief question at this time is one of administration, the wish of the country is to know whether the dominant party is likely to purify its own conduct of affairs, or whether honest men must turn to the Democratic party in hope of relief, invoking ills it knows not of. That this would be the meaning of any considerable change of sides at the election is well understood. "I am dissatisfied; I think that I must vote the Democratic ticket, and see what comes of it," is the expression of a certain class. But nobody, except a Democrat, says that he expects of course greater honesty and purity from Democratic administration.

Within the few past months the Republicans have had the good sense and the courage to repeal the "salary grab" act, for which, although warmly supported by many Democrats, they must, as the majority, bear the responsibility. They have abolished in the House the moiety system, after a thorough examination conducted by a Republican committee. They have repealed the SANBORN contract law, passed by a Republican Congress, and they have solemnly censured, in adopting the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, the Republican Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and Solicitor of the Treasury. They have thoroughly investigated the management of the District of Columbia under the Territorial system established by Republicans, and it is understood that the report will deal as vigorously with the results as the other committees and reports have dealt with the other abuses which have been exposed. The great scheme of inflation, although passed by both Houses, was powerfully opposed by the most eminent Republican leaders, and was supported by the divided Democratic as well as Republican vote, while the Republican President, in accord with the spirit of the national declaration of the party, promptly vetoed it.

These more prominent events of the last six months show, at least, that the Republican party is not "hide-bound." Meanwhile its press has spoken in unmistakable tones. Press and platforms began last autumn to demand inquiry and reform; and both have been constantly stimulated by the press, which has not hesitated to demand the removal of the second officer of the cabinet and his immediate assistants. Meanwhile "Butlerism" has sensibly declined. The member of Congress who is not the leader of the House is General BUTLER. The same gentleman is he who is not likely to be the next Republican Governor of Massachusetts. But there was a general disposition not very long since to consider Republicanism and Butlerism synonymous, and to smile at the suggestion that the general had not yet mastered the party. The situation of the Southern States, also, has not escaped the observation and the criticism and censure of the party. The committee of Congress, indeed, could not find proper grounds for taking South Carolina in hand, but it did express sympathy and consciousness that there was much to be deplored, while there has been no stronger denunciation of the enormities in that State and elsewhere than in the Republican press. On the other hand, and as an illustration of the difference between two dominant parties, during all the Democratic delirium about slavery in the Southern States before the war, we recall no similar powerful criticism and unshrinking condemnation in the Democratic press of the country; the managers of the party in those States were never called to account, but all guilt and responsibility were thrown upon "Northern interference."

The fear that the Republican party has fallen hopelessly under the control of unfit leaders and disastrous counsels is not justified by the facts. We do not say, of course, that it has wholly escaped them, or that there is not a conflict with them proceeding at this time. Indeed, that is just what we do say. But the encouraging sign to those who know that in free countries government must be carried on by parties, and that there is now no great dividing issue in our politics, is that the Republican party has healthy vigor enough to wrestle with its own evils and abuses, and that events show a willingness and a wish among its members for purification and reform. If it be said that the truth is, the party is sinking, and is therefore merely throwing over its contraband freight, we reply that that is the very thing which other parties have not done nor attempted to do. The Free-soil Democrats in 1848, the DOUGLAS Democrats in 1857, tried to persuade the Democratic party to lighten ship, and they were themselves thrown overboard for their pains. And if to-day, as will not be denied, the best Republicans in the country have more heart and hope than for many months before, it is because they see more clearly than they have hitherto been able to see that there is a spirit in the party which is courageous enough to give battle to those who would disgrace the common name, and a spirit which now seems to have the prospect of victory.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE appointment of General BRISTOW, of Kentucky, to be Secretary of the Treasury has been received with great favor. It is not because of any reputation that he has achieved as a skillful financier, but because of his personal character and his career as Solicitor-General, as well as his repute as a lawyer and in the war. It is partly, also, because of the universal satisfaction with the retirement of Mr. RICHARDSON. General BRISTOW is a man of energy, decision, and sagacity. In the various positions in which he has been placed he has shown very high ability as well as the highest character, and it may fairly be expected that his administration of the department will be positive and not negative, and that if he finds himself in any way unequal to his new duties, he will retire with general respect and regard, and not be laughed out of office.

There is one point to which the late management of the Treasury has drawn public attention, and that is the necessity of some distinct Executive policy upon every great subject of administration. When the President upon first taking office said that he should have no policy against the will of the people, he did not mean, of course, that he should have no opinions or preferences, but only that he should not obstruct the obvious and logical desire of the country, as ANDREW JOHNSON had tried to do. It is made the duty of the President by the Constitution to recommend to Congress such measures as he may deem necessary or expedient. This he does in every annual Message. If, therefore, at a time when the financial question is of paramount interest, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury should present to Congress a policy which they had fully matured, and which they amply explained as the financial policy of the Administration, with the understanding that the Secretary deemed it indispensable, the moral effect upon Congress would be most wholesome. For although Congress alone is the legislative branch, its action would be greatly influenced by its knowledge that the proposed policy was the plan of the financial chief, who would be held responsible for the results. We hope, therefore—and we believe—that General BRISTOW does not go into the Treasury as a clerk, or as "a staff officer," but as HAMILTON and GALLATIN and CHASE went into it, with a deep sense of personal responsibility and of the scope of his official duty; that he will apply his sagacity, as they did, to the consideration of a general policy, not a series of shifts; and that his executive energy and skill will enable him to carry out that policy, steadily seconded by the President, to the satisfaction of the country.

If this is perhaps the general wish rather than the general expectation, it is only because the special qualifications of the new Secretary are not known. And it is perhaps an advantage that he does not begin with the organized opposition that would necessarily meet a man whose opinions were wholly understood, and whose action, therefore, would be forecast from the moment he took his seat. General BRISTOW is a Western man and an anti-inflationist—so much is clear; and that the new Secretary, whoever he might be, would share the President's general views was a matter of course. He is a young man, and, in a general sense, an unknown man, and he is called to what at this moment is the most important official post in the country. He is sure already of his welcome; and whatever the result may be, the recent trifling and contemptuous tone of criticism upon the financial administration will now disappear. General BRISTOW's policy may be opposed, but it will be the policy of a vigorous and sagacious mind.

GENERAL BUTLER SCORES ONE.

"BUTLERISM," as we elsewhere remark, is declining, but the general has at last won the appearance of a victory over honest and economical government. The House Committee on Civil Service Reform resolved by a bare majority some weeks since to recommend the appropriation of $25,000 for the expenses of the Civil Service Commission. The general was ill at the time, and the vote in committee seemed reluctant; so with renewed health the other morning he marched into the committee-room, when eight of the eleven members were present, and moved to rescind. He did not quite succeed, but the vote was promising, for it was a tie. Thereupon the general moved—

> "That this committee do not recommend any further appropriation to carry on an experiment in the so-called civil service reform in the manner in which it has been carried on."

This was ingenious, for an affirmative vote would seem to commend the appointment of SIMMONS, and the other events of a similar kind, which we pointed out when they occurred as serious blows at the reform. Mr. WOODFORD, of New York, a warm friend of the reform, could not say that he altogether approved the manner in which the movement had been conducted, and therefore declined to vote. His silence gave the majority to General BUTLER, and thus the committee, having recommended the appropriation, has now said that it does not wish it applied to the present method of reform.

We presume that the matter will be brought before the House, and that Mr. WOODFORD will then state that while he would like to see the appropriation continued—as he has already shown by his vote for it in committee—yet that he does not choose to say that he approves the uncertainty and inconsistency with which the movement has been carried on. His position is that of the sincerest friends of the reform. It is wholly impossible that the fast-and-loose style of observance of the spirit and letter of the rules which has been the subject of universal comment should not react against the reform itself. In one word, unless the President shows the same inflexible resolution to sustain the reform which General BUTLER shows to withstand it, General BUTLER—not to put too fine a point upon it—will bottle the President up. There is little doubt that the House would pass by a large majority the resolution which the committee has adopted. The members are not friendly to a measure which destroys their patronage, and they can not, of course, feel that it is an Administration policy. The President, they doubtless think, would like to have something done, but he has said that he leaves it to them, and while their hearts are set upon economy and honesty and all the virtues, yet this particular measure—etc., etc., etc.

There is not a public body in the country more sincerely devoted to its work than the Civil Service Commission, nor one which should be more supported by the generous sympathy of good citizens. The end of its labors is the most practicable means of resisting and checking the corruption which, by common consent, is the threatening evil of the time. Yet the Commission is really only an advisory body. If its recommendations were faithfully carried out, it is plain, from what has been accomplished, that a radical reform would follow. But so long as the system is intermittent there are two inevitable results, which we now see, and which undoubtedly the Commission deplores: one is a universal distrust of the reality of the present effort, and the other is the discredit of any such reform whatever. The truth is that however the subject may be viewed, one thing is constantly evident, that under our government and practices a reform of the civil service is essentially the President's reform. It all originally depends upon him. "The manner in which it has been carried on" is his manner. And General BUTLER's resolution, which uses these words, and which the House Committee on the Civil Service has adopted, is a virtual censure of the President.

POLITICS IN TEXAS.

A TEXAS Conservative Republican writes us that in common with many journals we are mistaken in supposing that the President's reply in the Texas question was virtually that the State must compose its own quarrels. On the contrary, he distinctly decided against Governor DAVIS in the telegram of the Attorney-General of the 17th of January, as follows:

> "I am instructed by the President to say that, after considering the fourth section of Article IV. of the constitution of Texas, providing that the Governor shall hold his office for the term of four years from the time of his installment, under which you claim, and section three of the election declaration attached to said constitution, under which you were chosen, and which provides that the State and other officers elected thereunder shall hold their respective offices for the term of years prescribed by said constitution, beginning from the date of their election, under which the Governor elect claims the office, and more than four years having expired since your election, he is of the opinion that your right to the office of Governor at this time is at least so doubtful that he does not feel warranted in furnishing United States troops to aid you in holding further possession of it; he therefore declines to comply with your request."

The Republicans in Texas thought this decision unjust upon the following grounds:

> "Because, first, Governor DAVIS was not elected under the said 'election declaration,' but under the act of Congress of April 10, 1869, which set that election declaration aside, and fixed another date for the election.
>
> "Secondly, that 'election declaration' is not attached to the constitution, and was never submitted to the people for their ratification, as can be seen by reference to the two documents now on file in the office of the Secretary of State for Texas.
>
> "Thirdly, the Governor, under the State constitution, was entitled to hold his office for 'four years from the time of his installment,' and the Governor could not be and was not installed until after the act of Congress of March 30, 1870, was passed, which accepted the constitution of Texas, but *forbade* the Governor and other officers to 'enter upon the duties of their offices until they had taken and subscribed' a certain specified oath."

Texas Republicans think that there has been grievous misrepresentation of this case even in friendly quarters, and to their serious prejudice, and it is but fair that they should be heard.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

THAT under our present clumsy system of electing a President we have never had civil commotion is a striking illustration of the profound loyalty to law which characterizes the master-race in this country. There was some apprehension that when the votes were counted in Congress in 1861 there would be some disturbance, intended to create confusion and trouble; but the conspirators wisely chose to claim the forms of law for their action, and to justify it under the Constitution. The perils of the present system of election are, however, so evident that there can be no doubt of the prompt ratification by the country of any simple and reasonable reform, and that has been substantially presented by the committee of the Senate of which Mr. MORTON is chairman. The general plan recommended by the committee seeks to give the citizen a direct vote for President, while it retains a State basis for the whole vote. It is, in brief, this: each State shall be divided into as many districts as it has Representatives in Congress, and the candidate having the highest number of votes in each district shall receive the vote of the district; the candidate who receives the highest number of votes in a State shall receive two Presidential votes from the State at large; if there be a tie in the State, each candidate shall have one Presidential vote from the State at large; and if more than two have the same number of votes, which is also the highest number, no Presidential vote at large from the State shall be counted; and if more than one person shall have the same vote in a district, being the highest number, no Presidential vote shall be counted from the district: this method shall apply to the election of the Vice-President; and Congress shall provide for holding and conducting the Presidential elections, and for establishing tribunals to decide contested elections.

This scheme is excellent, except that we see no good reason for the two votes of the States at large. The plea for them probably is that it is not proposed to change the State basis; but that is maintained by the district division, and that division is perplexed by the State votes. New York, for instance, having thirty-two Congressional districts, will have as many district votes for President. If, however, they should be divided, seventeen to fifteen, and if the object be to give the election as nearly as practicable to the people in the State, why should the actual proportion be disturbed by making the seventeen votes nineteen? The report, in the abstract which we have seen, seems to us itself to give good reasons against such a plan, for one of its arguments against the present system is that the successful candidate often receives a greater percentage of the electoral than of the popular vote. The plan of the two State votes continues that difficulty. While the State basis is properly retained, which is a fundamental point of the union under the Constitution, yet it should always be the object of every electoral provision under it to make the vote express as nearly as practicable the popular will. But this is not done by giving the majority a premium of the kind proposed. The text of the report, which we have not yet seen, may give good reasons for the suggestion. Senator Morton is understood to have considered the whole subject very thoroughly, and it is of such great importance that it will undoubtedly receive general attention from the press. The method of electing the President has been always a perplexing problem; but experience shows that the point which from the beginning has been felt to be desirable is to bring the election as nearly as possible to the people, while recognizing the State basis.

AN ABSURD DELUSION.

Some time ago the managers of a charitable institution in Washington applied to Miss Cushman for alms in a manner which implied that a person of her profession was peculiarly dependent upon the favor of the public, and that it was her duty to give the money asked for. Miss Cushman wrote a very admirable and conclusive reply to what we must consider an insolent suggestion. Long ago we had known Mr. Beecher to make a similar reply to a lecture committee which addressed him in the same tone. More recently Mr. Edwin Booth was asked by a committee to play for the benefit of the sufferers by the Mississippi flood, and he replied, with manly modesty and propriety, that he was a bankrupt, and that all his time and his efforts honorably belonged to his creditors. Mr. Booth declined to be charitable by giving the money of other people. The Richmond *Enquirer* thereupon says:

> "We can not see how a man who owes so much to the public can thus coldly turn his back upon the demands of charity, no matter how needy he may be himself. It is evident that Booth has not done himself any good by pursuing this course, for the world will hereafter remember that this great tragedian had not soul enough to devote one night's services to suffering humanity, when the whole country was giving forth responsive echoes to the wants of the thousands of sufferers by the floods in the West."

This is singularly unjust. Mr. Booth owes no more to the public than the Richmond *Enquirer*, or the New York *Herald*, or Mr. A. T. Stewart, or Mr. Vanderbilt, or Mr. O'Conor, or Mr. Beecher, or Dr. Gray, or Dr. Parker, or any man or woman who does any kind of honest business. All these persons, all great newspapers, or enterprises, or trades, ask no favors. They offer wares to the public, and if the public thinks that it can do well for itself, it buys; if not, it leaves them unbought. What would the Richmond *Enquirer* think if its own reasoning should be turned upon itself? Suppose that the same demand had been made upon it, and that it felt itself compelled, for honorable reasons, to decline, how would it like the argument that it owed too much to the public to refuse? Would it not instantly reply that it gave the public quite as much as it received, and that it was a fair and satisfactory trade? And its answer would be conclusive. Or again: suppose it were in bankruptcy and under charge of assignees, and its reply were saluted with the criticism that it makes upon that of Mr. Booth, we can imagine how it would rail at the absurdity. There is nothing whatever in the relation of Miss Cushman, or of Mr. Booth, or of Mr. Beecher, or of any popular actor, or singer, or lecturer to the public which authorizes this demand for charity; and if Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Dodge, or Mr. Cooper, or General Sherman, or the President, or the Western Union Telegraph Company have not given liberally to the relief of the Mississippi or Mill River sufferers, or to every charity and every needy person that demands alms of them, they could just as reasonably be accused of want of soul as Mr. Booth.

Take the case of a popular lecturer. He is asked to speak by some society which thinks it can "make money out of him." He agrees to speak for a fee, let us say, of three hundred dollars, and he speaks to an audience of two thousand persons at fifty cents each. He receives three hundred dollars. The society pay possibly two hundred for expenses, and put the five hundred which they have "made out of him" into the treasury. Which of the two, the speaker or the society, "owes so much to the public," and which ought to be denounced for not giving as of duty? Clearly neither. Did the man who paid his fifty cents not get his money's worth? The lecturer is no more indebted to him than Mr. Dorlan in the Fulton Market is indebted to those who pay him for a plate of excellent oysters in the season. And yet this man who received his money's worth unites with others of the audience in some charitable association, and demands a liberal gift from the lecturer on the ground that except for the sale of tickets he would have no money to give!

Meanness is not the proverbial vice of actors or of literary men. They probably give their full proportion of alms. And we trust that this whole matter will be explained hereafter to every committee which demands alms upon the grounds of the application to Miss Cushman and to Mr. Booth, and to every lyceum which proposes to discount a lecturer's fee for the benefit of a neighboring Sunday-school, so that a growing nuisance may be abated, and the public disabused of the idea that it confers a favor upon a merchant when it buys what it wants.

A SUMMER BOOK.

A very pleasant book for desultory summer reading has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The author is the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, and it bears the appropriate title of *Under the Trees*. Many of the letters and papers of which it is composed were written out-of-doors under the direct influence of nature in her most serene and lovely moods; and though it is a book to be enjoyed any where, for the sake of its pictures of nature, and for the pleasant strain of suggestive reflection running through its pages, it will be best appreciated amidst surroundings such as formed its own inspiration. It is a volume for a summer in the country, to be read under the shade of spreading trees or by the side of some murmuring stream, when the mind is too indolent for study, and too much in love with tranquil ease to follow out the perplexing mazes of a novel.

The volume is made up in part of pleasant reminiscences of the author's own wanderings through interesting scenes in his own country and in foreign lands, and in part of familiar essays suggested chiefly by incidents and experiences of out-door life. There is a delightful chapter of wanderings in the Adirondacks; another entitled "Memories of Italy;" a very sad narrative called "A Parson's Story;" a chapter full of curious experience and humor on "Prophets and Prophetesses," and one of excellent teaching on "Lying and Lending." There is, indeed, something in the volume for almost every mood, for rainy as well as for sunny days; and one who is casting about for something to take into the country for summer reading should not omit *Under the Trees* from his list. It is printed in good, clear type, and is of a convenient size to carry about. Our readers will remember that a somewhat similar volume, by the author's brother, Mr. William C. Prime, published by the Harpers under the title of *I Go A-Fishing*, was one of the most successful books of the season.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XVII.

There is a singular freshness and beauty in most of the English children that one meets rolled usually along in pairs in the parks and streets in little wagons that seem to overflow with their rosy and laughing occupants. The moist climate is favorable to all kinds of animal and vegetable life, the island seems formed to become the parent of nations, and one chief source of the wide expansion of the English race is the fostering and gentle influence of its misty air and temperate skies upon the young. They flourish like its trees and flowers, and are ruddy, stout, and healthful from the cradle. Something of this is due, no doubt, to the natural excellence of the Saxon or Belgic family, from whose marshy home at the mouths of the Rhine Mr. Freeman has traced their origin, but the beautiful children of whom England has so large a proportion are the real foundation of its national prosperity. They come usually from that ever-extending middle class of the people, which is endowed with comparative ease and comfort, and is yet not altogether free from the necessity of labor. But even the children of the poor, where want and vice have not wholly eradicated the excellences of the race, show the same well-rounded forms and something of the fresh bloom that mark the members of the Saxon family. Oppressive laws and hopeless indigence have stolen from many of them their birthright of health and full development, but it is easy to see that a more humane legislation and a just reward of labor might readily cover England with a happy and prosperous population, capable of still greater achievements in the cause of civilization than all their ancestors have yet performed.

The recent census shows that the English people increase in numbers with unchanging steadiness; that emigration, famine, wars, oppression, have not checked their rapid progress; that England, which has already founded a chain of nations in Australia, America, and the East, is still advancing in population with accelerated speed. France, which sends out no colonies except perhaps those of political convicts and of active republicans, is perishing of internal decay. Its population is slowly dying out. Of the various European nations only Prussia, and perhaps Russia, equal the steady growth of England. And this increase takes place in that portion of the empire where the Saxon element of the people most plainly prevails. Ireland within the past twenty years has lost one-third of its population, the Scottish Highlands have been thinned by emigration, but England and Wales have grown in a rapid ratio that has preserved the progress of the nation. It is not improper, therefore, to assume that the British Islands must for many generations form the swarming hive from whence America and Australia will draw their chief supply of labor and of immigration, and that the character and the destiny of all the Saxon nations will be affected and perhaps determined by the degree of education their foreign population has attained in its native island. The politics of England must assume in the future a fresh importance to all the governments and states of Saxon origin. So closely are they drawn together by the swift growth of trade, by easy communication, a common literature and religion, that the less important differences in political institutions must slowly fade away, that the parent land will at last consent to study the wants and desires of its cognate races, and the policy of England be conformed to the will of the majority of the English-speaking peoples.

Its complete neglect heretofore of all its duties in this relation has become signally apparent. England has poured out its hosts of emigrants upon America and Australia without preparation, and with no thought of the consequences. The most neglected and the most wretched of its population, those least fitted to produce valuable members of a community, the most ignorant, and naturally the most depraved, have been colonized upon the Atlantic coasts, and spread from Canada to the antipodes. The neglect of England to educate its laboring classes has proved more destructive to the morals and progressive humanity of the transatlantic states than the opium it has forced upon China to the well-being of the millions of the East. The delirium of ignorance has proved more fatal to public morals than the wild fantasies of the Oriental drug. It is safe to say that of the paupers and criminals of New York and Massachusetts two-thirds are British subjects, neglected and abandoned by their own government, thrown upon the charity of ours. So little is this subject understood by Englishmen, so unconscious or so careless are they of the ills they have inflicted upon other nations, that the pauperism and the crime they have fostered in our Atlantic ports is made a common reproach to republicanism. It has become a common fashion in England under the Tory rule to sneer at the results of American freedom and the venality of American officials. The dullest of the Tory journals, the most diffuse and tedious of their orators, rise into a momentary animation when they point to the triumphant rule of a Tweed or the unbridled license of a Fisk. To American institutions they attribute the crime that England has poured out upon the New World, the vices that English ignorance has sown in every land. They have not sufficient intelligence to see that had England shown a proper care of the children of its soil, had it given them the common elements of education and of civilization, America and Australia would often have escaped the rule of convicts and corrupters, and the course of freedom might have avoided many a quicksand.

From the brilliant novelist who is the chief stay of church and crown to the rural squire whose ideas have never passed the narrow limits of his own parish, the notions of reform and of human progress are sedulously decried. To a rigid Tory, dukes, earls, and bishops are the necessary pillars of a well-ordered state, and to Mr. Disraeli the golden age of France was in the days of Louis XV. and a Pompadour, of Jesuit intrigues and of popular starvation. To the country vicar the glory of England was brightest when the Corn Laws enforced a general scarcity, and when English peasants, in their desperation, set fire to ricks and barns, and perished of want in miserable hovels. The recent success of the Tory faction, and the sudden revolt of the agricultural population, hopeless, desponding, have brought into fresh prominence the well-worn arguments against American democracy and the conservative views of human progress. At a farmers' meeting not long ago an orator urged that the reason Tweed was able to rob New York was because it possessed no established church! He had never discovered that British subjects and a foreign population, debased by feudal laws and barbarous customs, had been the chief source of the demoralization of our city; that our educators and reformers were striving laboriously to amend these evils that have fallen upon our community from the swarm of emigrants who have brought to our shores the vices and the brutality they had learned under a British rule.

The German laborer comes to the New World cultivated and intelligent. The German population is usually peaceable and industrious. It needs few prisons and almshouses. The Norwegian, Dane, Hollander, and Swiss are no less valuable as citizens than the German. It is chiefly from the uncultivated Irish, whom England has left neglected and degraded, that the political and moral corruption of the American cities has come. Nor is it likely that we have so much to fear from the agricultural laborers of England itself, who are just entering upon an era of emigration. Yet as one surveys the fair and well-formed children produced in this prolific climate, full of health and mental excellence, it is impossible not to feel that the chief aim of English legislators in the future should be to provide them with sufficient food and a liberal culture. A clearer light has been thrown upon the condition of England's children by the recent agricultural strike than ever before; they are seen clustering in rude hovels that are unfit for human dwellings; they gather around the scanty board with ravenous appetites that are never half supplied; they linger out a youth of ignorance, and perish for want of knowledge as well as food. Canon Girdlestone assures us that the English agricultural population are losing rapidly their physical strength under the pressure of general starvation. It seems quite time for Canada and Australia, for America and the East, to lend at least a moral and intellectual influence to the popular party in the parent island, to aid in rescuing its children from the inhuman pressure of feudal laws. Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

President Grant, on the 1st inst., accepted the resignation of Secretary Richardson, and nominated General Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, to be his successor, and Mr. Richardson to be one of the judges of the Court of Claims. The nominations were confirmed the next day, that of Mr. Bristow unanimously. Assistant-Secretary Sawyer resigned on the 4th.—Mr. Parker, of Missouri, presented a bill in the House on the 1st inst. to amend the Constitution so as to provide for the election of Senators by the people.—The House, on the 1st, concurred in the Senate amendment to the Centennial Bill providing that the United States shall not be liable, directly nor indirectly, for any expenses attending the Exhibition.—The Senate, on the 1st, unanimously voted a pension of $50 per month to the widow of Major-General Canby.—A bill was passed by the House on the 1st relieving savings-banks that have capital stock from the payment of the tax on deposits. The Senate passed the bill, with amendment, on the 3d.—On motion of Mr. Tremaine the House, on the 1st, voted non-concurrence in the Senate's amendments to the Bankrupt Bill, and a committee of conference was appointed. A like committee was appointed by the Senate the next day.—The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate on the 2d. The Consular and Diplomatic and the Pension Appropriation bills were passed by the Senate on the 3d. The House, on the 3d, refused to concur in the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, and a committee of conference was appointed. The Senate's amendments to the Navy Appropriation Bill were concurred in by the House on the same day.—The House passed the Utah Judicial Bill, on the 2d, by a vote of 155 to 59. It is very lengthy, and aims at the entire destruction of the Mormon system. Its principal features are the exclusion of polygamists from juries in trials for bigamy or polygamy, and the restriction of the powers of the probate courts. It provides that in suits for divorce it shall not be necessary to prove marriage by production of any records or certificates, and the local marshals and district attorneys are abolished.—The House, on the 3d, passed a joint resolution from the Committee on Foreign Affairs terminating the Belgium treaty of 1858.—On the 4th the House passed a bill for the establishment of life-saving stations and houses of refuge on the sea and lake coasts, and to promote the efficiency of the life-saving service.—In response to a request from Senator Jones, of Nevada, President Grant has furnished a written memorandum of his views on the currency question, as recently expressed in a conversation with leading Congressmen. The President urges a return to specie payments at the earliest practicable day, and with this view recommends the repeal of the Legal Tender Act and the withdrawal of small notes from general circulation.—The House, on the 5th, passed a bill authorizing the construction of the Fort St. Philip Canal from the east side of the Mississippi River to Breton Pass, in the Gulf of Mexico. The work is to be performed under the direction of the Secretary of War. The canal is to be not less than 200 feet wide at the bottom and twenty-five feet deep, and is to be free to all nations without charge. It must not cost more than $8,000,000, and be completed within three years from the beginning of the work.—On the 6th the House passed a bill reducing postage to a cent and a half per pound on papers issued once a week or oftener, and three cents per pound on those issued less frequently.

The New Hampshire Legislature, on the 3d, elected James A. Weston, Democrat, Governor.

The Oregon State election, held on the 1st, resulted in a Democratic majority of 1000. Lafayette Grover is Governor, and George A. La Dow Congressman.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The ship *British Admiral*, from Liverpool for Melbourne, went ashore recently on King's Island, and was totally wrecked. Seventy-three of the passengers and crew were drowned.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Prince of Saxe-Weimar in London, on the 1st inst., as he was leaving home to attend a levee. The prince was not injured, and his assailant escaped.

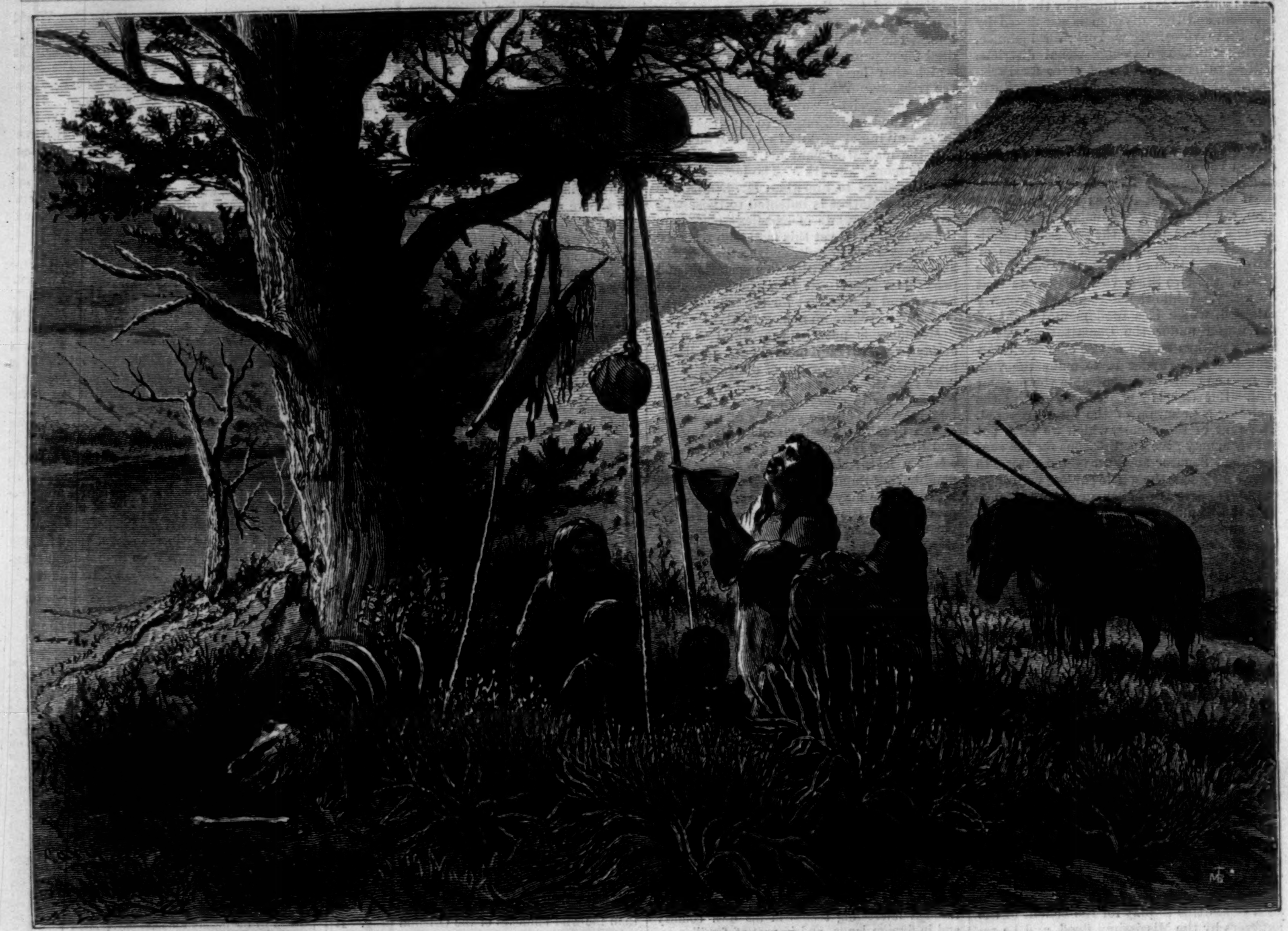
In the British House of Commons, on the 2d, a motion to demand compensation from the United States for the losses of British subjects during the Southern rebellion was voted down.

A mutiny occurred on the ship *Neptune*, on the 2d, when the vessel was leaving her dock at Liverpool. A general fight ensued, in which knives and marlinespikes were freely used, and several persons were wounded. Fifteen of the mutineers were arrested and imprisoned.

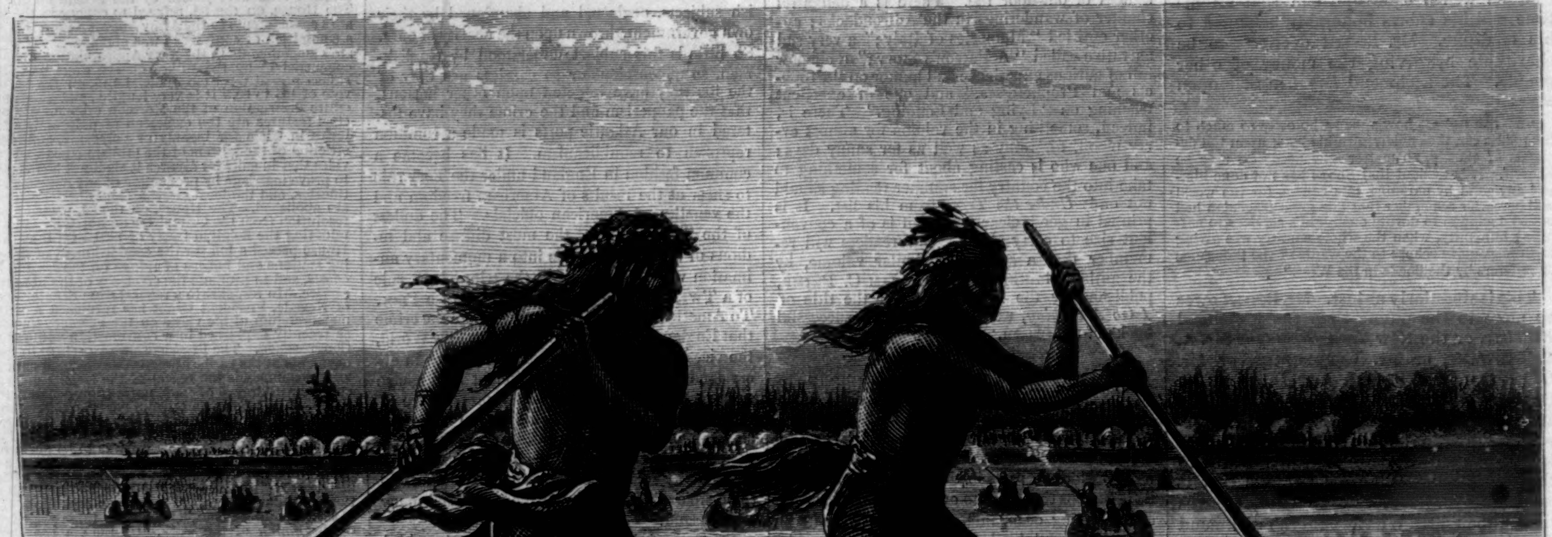
A congress to consider the subject of international rights in time of war will be held in Brussels July 27.

Intense excitement prevailed in the French Assembly on the 2d, during the discussion of the General Election Bill. Several of the members almost came to blows. The height of the excitement was reached when M. Brisson, a radical, in the course of a bitter speech, taunted the Bonapartists with leading France to Sedan. On the 4th inst. the bill was passed to a second reading.

In Spain, the national forces have entered Chelva, dispersing a body of 4000 Carlists. A battle is imminent at Estella, where the Carlists are in great force. General Salamanca has defeated a body of 3000 Carlists at San Vicente.



INDIANS OFFERING GIFTS TO THE DEAD.

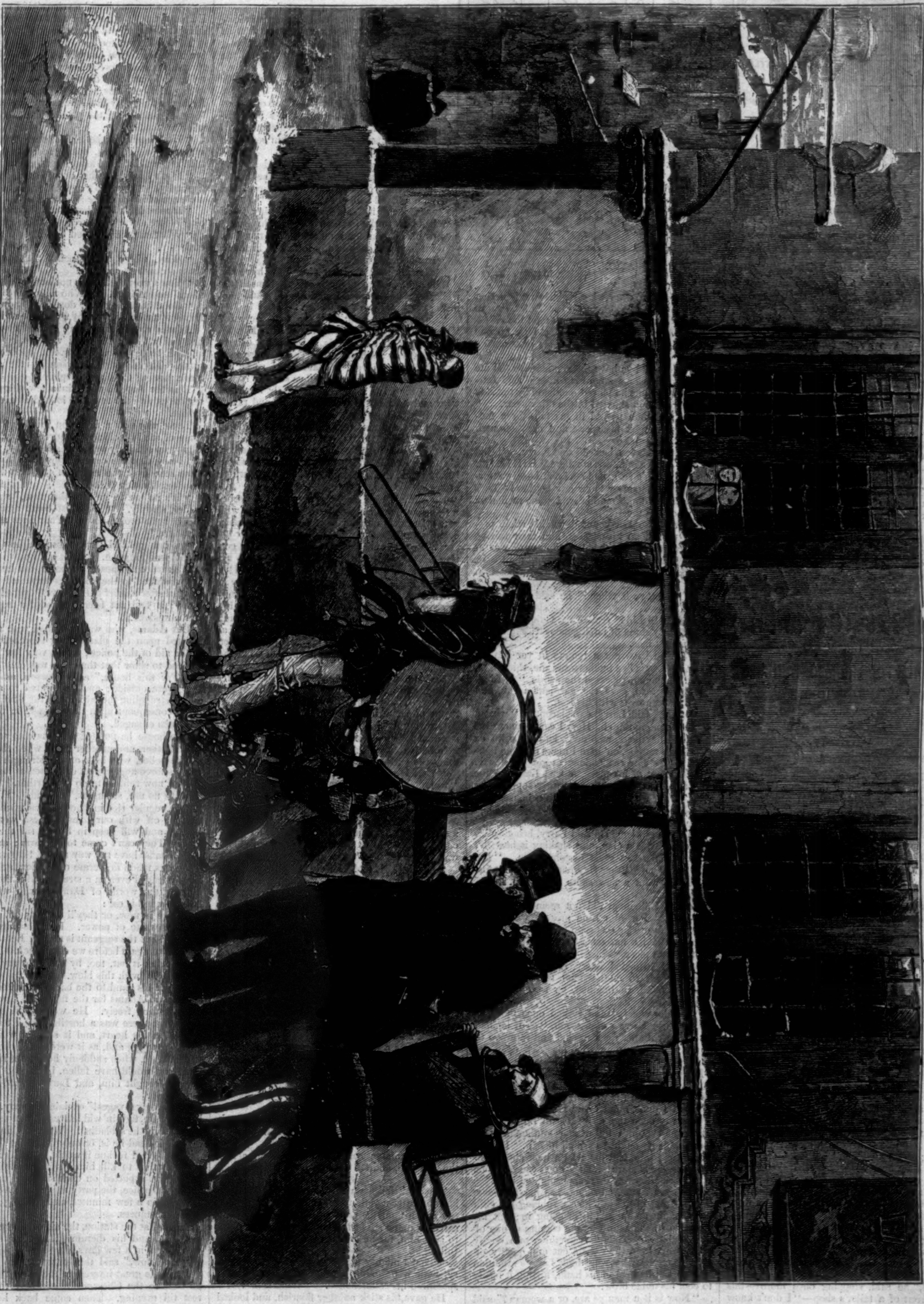


INDIAN CANOE RACE.

INDIAN SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 513.]

"ITALIAN ACROBATS."

THE winter season is not a pleasant one for out-of-door performances, and our procession of Italian acrobats looks forlorn enough as it winds its way through the cold and snowy streets. They will need a hospitable reception to take the numbness out of their limbs, and put a little cheerfulness into their hearts.



"ITALIAN ACROBATS."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY R. RIBERA.]

INDIAN SKETCHES.

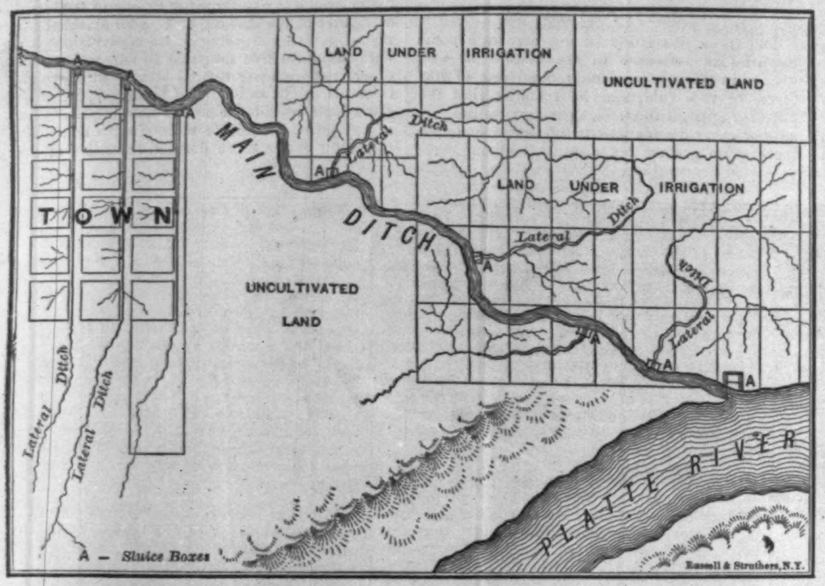
ONE of the engravings on the preceding page illustrates the affectionate superstition with which the Indians regard the graves of their friends. For a long time after the dead body has been laid in its last resting-place gifts of food and drink are deposited beside it by sorrowing relatives, in the belief that the departed spirit will return to refresh itself with these offerings, the disappearance of which is accredited to them instead of to the wild animals that are chiefly benefited by the superstition. Long journeys are sometimes undertaken for the purpose of depositing these gifts; for though the Indians will leave a poor old squaw to starve or freeze to death on the prairie when no longer able to take care of herself or perform the hard drudgery required of all their women,* they are very attentive to the supposed wants of the dead.

The other engraving, representing an Indian canoe race on one of our broad Western rivers, requires no explanation. The Indians manage their slight birch-bark canoe with a marvelous dexterity to which few white men ever attain.

HAY FEVER.

DECAISNE has lately been prosecuting some inquiries in reference to the disease so well known in this country under the name of hay fever, or rose cold, and he remarks that the affection appears to attack agriculturists and persons of other occupations indifferently, and that there is no greater tendency to it among haymakers and farmers than any other class of the community. He therefore maintains that the emanations from forage plants have, at most, a very secondary influence in the case. All the symptoms of the disease are exhibited at any season as the result of sudden exposure to cold when the body is in a condition of perspiration.

The author does not think the annual periodicity, which is usually given as one of the characteristics of the disease, to be well established, many persons, according to his observation, being sometimes free for years in succession, and others experiencing several attacks at irregular intervals. The difficulty of breathing, which is sometimes considered an inseparable condition of hay fever, the author maintains to be simply the result of the more decided extension of the irritation which attacks the conjunctiva and the nasal and pharyngeal mucous surface. He concludes, in fine, that hay fever must be stricken from the list of diseases as a distinct condition, and that it is to be regarded simply as a catarrhal fever, influenced and modified according to individual peculiarities, and by atmospheric conditions which produce acute affections of the bronchia.



THE COLORADO SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION.

IRRIGATION IN COLORADO.

THE system of irrigation now quite extensively adopted in Colorado has worked a great change in the character of the soil, and transformed the once almost barren country into a magnificent wheat-growing region. From the large rivers and streams, such as the Arkansas, the Platte, and the Bear rivers, long canals are dug, branching into smaller ditches, through which the fertilizing waters are conducted in every direction to the fields. The engraving on our first page shows two farmers opening a sluice of a main canal to let the water into a side ditch. These ditches form a regular net-work, as shown in the diagram. The supply of water can be regulated at will. Towns are supplied with water on the same plan. At the head of each street is a sluice-box for a lateral ditch running the whole length of the street, from which branch smaller ditches used for garden irrigation. The vignette on the first page shows the manner in which water is conducted down from the mountains into the plains.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE THRAVELS OF LARRY CAREY, GINTLEMAN.

"THE poor haythen!" said Larry Carey, contemptuously, as he stood in the Chinese quarter of the city of San Francisco, and watched the various avocations of the people. "What a blessin' it would be for thim if some howly father out ov the ould counthry would come an' take thim in hand, wid a pair ov scissors to snip off their tails, an' thin thransport thim to where they might have a cabin an' a bit ov bog land, an' a pig, an' a few praties! Ah, they're a poor benighted lot, thin! Only to think ov thim bein' so low in the scale ov humanity, as Father Murphy called it, that the men are only washerwomen!"

Larry looked with utter disgust on one or two of the quiet, peaceable people, for the most part busy and industrious, and seemingly prosperous withal, as he sought for one Si Lin, who had charge of the garments sent from the Chesapeake Hotel.

There was a certain amount, too, of interest taken by the Asiatics in Larry, as he strolled slowly down the narrow street, with his stick under his arm, his legs very far forward, and his body held back, and a general depreciatory aspect in the whole of his visage, as he rubbed his ill-shaven chin with one hand.

"Howly Bridget!" he said, stopping short in front of an open-sided wooden house, where a very smoothly shaven Chinaman was sitting in loose blue cotton garments, with an earthen pot before him full of boiled rice, of which he was partaking with a couple of chopsticks. "Howly Bridget! now, look at that! Why, the haythen baste, to sit playin' at tit, tat, toe wid his victuals in that way, instid ov atin' it Christian-like wid a spoon! Rice, too, poor thing! I wondher what he'd say to a pratie?"

Larry stood looking, and the Chinaman went on eating in perfect composure, after giving one glance at the barbarian outside. Finally Larry gave his head a contemptuous toss, and went on for a few yards.

"Well," he said, stopping once more—this time in front of a tailor's shop—"I don't know that I've much to say to that. There must be man tailors, I suppose. I wondher whether the haythen jist there wid the needle can tell me where the man washer-woman will be livin'. Arrah! now—"

The Chinaman let his hands fall in his lap and looked over a great pair of goggle, wide-rimmed spectacles in Larry's face.

"If ye plaze," said Larry—"ugh! I'll be civil to the baste, an' show what a gintlemanly nation the Oirish is—if ye plaze, Misther Tailor, can ye tell me where the washer-woman-man lives?"

The Chinaman held his head a little on one side, and peered inquiringly in his questioner's face.

"I said could ye have the goodness to tell me where the washer-woman-man lives?" said Larry; and this time he placed one hand by the side of his mouth and shouted in the other's ear.

The Chinaman peered in his face for a moment, re-arranged his specs, and went on with his stitching.

"Poor spacheless baste!" said Larry. "Bud I'll thry him again. Look here! Hi! Bedad, thin, why don't ye attind? Look here, ye furren pagan, that niver knew any betther! Let's thry a bit ov dumb motions. I want to find Si Lin, who does the—"

As he spoke Larry put down his stick, pretended to roll up his sleeves, and then seizing the garment upon which the Chinaman was at work, he made believe to soap it, and then went to work rubbing it as if it was part of a batch in a tub.

"D'ye see, ye haythen?" he said; "Si Lin, Si Lin."

"Si Lin, Si Lin?" replied the Chinaman, with a melancholy smile of intelligence stealing across his broad fat face.

"Thin ye have got a tongue in yer head?" said Larry. "D'ye undherstand me, thin?"

The Chinaman repeated the words "Si Lin," and, in his turn, gave the garment a rub, and then a smooth over with his iron.

"Bedad," said Larry, complacently, "what a boy I am among thim! Here I came among the benighted haythens, who don't know a word ov a Christian tongue, an' here I make thim undherstand me." For the Chinaman got up slowly, and came out of his place, tapped Larry on the arm, and led the way to a turning some thirty yards away, where he pointed to a house, nodded, smiled sadly, and said, "Si Lin, Si Lin," at the same time holding out his hand.

"Ye're a gintleman!" said Larry, bringing his own down with a clap, and shaking it heartily, to the Chinaman's great discomposure. "I'm obleeged to ye, Misther Haythen; an' I'll not forgit ye if I want a new shute while I'm stayin' in the town."

But the Chinaman did not seem to see it in that light. For him time present was better than time future; so as soon as his hand was at liberty he held it out once more, and placed in it a two-cent piece.

"Phew!" whistled Larry, laughing. "How soon they git to undherstand the religion ov money! Well, ye haythen, ye were civil; so there's a bit for ye."

The tailor nodded and smiled once more, as sadly, to use Larry's expression, "as if he had not had any dinner for a week," and returned to his work, while Larry rattled his stick upon the laundry-man's door.

Here, without much difficulty, he learned that he had had his journey for nothing, the great Si Lin having taken the washing home to the hotel.

"Bud I don't mind," said Larry, as he sauntered away once more. "It's all improvin' to the undherstandin'; an' whin a gintleman is on his thravels he ought to see all he can. I won't hurry back, thin, bud jist take a look about me. How the divils stare! They don't see any one from Cork ivery day ov their benighted lives."

So Larry sauntered along, pausing for some time in front of the joss-house, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and thinking of going in; but his attention was taken off by the coming of one of the inhabitants, evidently something of a dandy in his way, from the careful cut and quality of his blue clothes; but what took Larry's attention was the fan he held in his hand, flirting it busily to cool his noble brow.

"Now is it a man ye are, or a woman?" said Larry, aloud, as he gazed at the dandy, who, without condescending to give more than a passing look, went on. "Only to think ov it!" he continued. "Well, it's a very melancholy sight to see men dressed in petticoats, an' usin' fans, an' doin' the washin'; bud there! what can ye expect ov the poor benighted things? Halloo! what have we got here?"

He stopped in front of a provision shop, and again began rubbing his rough chin; for there was something inside that took his attention greatly.

"That's pork—there's no doubt about that; though it's a thousand pities to kill a little baste ov a suckin' pig like that, whin it would grow into fine bacon; bud that other wan there ain't pig; it's—it's— Bedad, I won't believe it at all—no, even wid me own eyes. An' yet there it is—there's no mistake. Murther! think ov that now! Bud they can't mane to ate it at all!"

Larry went closer to the open window, and glared in for a few moments; then he walked sharply away, spitting several times, as if to rid himself of a nasty taste in the mouth, while he muttered again and again,

"Oh, the nasty haythens!—to think ov their atin' a dog!"

Larry's next halt was in front of a barber's shop, where the owner was busy operating upon the head of a customer, and here he paused, rubbing his chin softly the while.

"I've a good mind to," he said at last; and he stopped, hesitating, till the barber had finished his task, and looked up at him with a bland smile of invitation.

"I'll risk it," said Larry, going in; "bud bad luck to the haythen if he gits thryin' any ov his enchantments on me wid his rayshers. I'll have me stick handy to talk to him in a kay he niver heerd."

Larry took the seat placed for him, and bared his throat, muttering to himself the while, as his eyes rolled round the shop and took in the preparations of its owner.

"Sure, it's a great risk to run," he said, "thrustin' yerself wid such a barbarian. How do I know they ain't cannibals, an' glad ov a chance to git howld ov a sthrange thraveler? Here, look here, Misther Shaver!" he said aloud, as he put his stick between his knees; "ye see that?"

The Chinaman nodded in a mildly surprised way, and then set to work with soap and razor, operating so ably upon Larry's stubble that he drew forth a series of admiring exclamations, such as "Illigant!" "Lovely!" and the like.

"Oh, it's a very fortune ye'd make, misther, if ye'd go to Oireland. I niver had sich a shave before in me life. Arrah, now! an' what are ye afther?"

He shrank back as he spoke, for the barber was armed with a pair of strong tweezers, with which he made motions as if to attack the bushy eyebrows of his client.

"Git out, ye mad haythen!" said Larry, getting up. "Why, ye'll be wantin' to shave me head nixt, an' send me away wid a plaited tail!"

"It's gittin' time I was back," said Larry at last, as he wandered once more through the narrow streets; "so I'll go back another way. It's wondherfully insthructive, though, this furren thravel. How I can open some ov their eyes at home about Chinee! Bud it's a savage, haythen sort ov a place this; an' I'll be glad whin the masther gits away."

He sauntered on, leaving the Chinese quarter behind, and getting into a thickly populated and not over reputable part, standing for a few moments undecided before choosing a way.

Growing tired, he went slowly on, telling himself that he should sooner or later come to some landmark that he knew, and conning over in his mind the various scenes he had encountered.

"Bud it's a baste ov a place," he grumbled, "widout a single redaymin' fayture, an' I don't wondher at it. Bud, howly Bridget! what's that?"

For, turning a corner, he suddenly came upon a scene of excitement in the shape of a desperate encounter, and in an instant the Irishman's blood was up.

"Howly Bridget!" he exclaimed, tightening his grasp upon his stick—"a fight! an' siven men against two. It's a Christian counthry, afther all, an' they ain't quite haythens. Here's luck! The saints stand bechuckst me an' harm. Clear the way there! *Faugh a ballagh!*"

CHAPTER V.

HOW LARRY CLEARED THE WAY.

WITH a wild Irish whoop of delight and a flourish of his stick, Larry charged down upon the contending men.

Crack!

There was a howling curse as the blackthorn came down upon an uplifted bowie-knife-armed hand, numbing the wrist, and sending the blade flying just as it was about to descend upon an unguarded breast.

Crack!

A head gave forth a sonorous hollow sound, and its owner rolled upon the sidewalk.

Crack!

Another man received the twig right across the forehead, and fell over his comrade.

Thud!

The stick fell upon a ruffian's shoulder, making him utter a yell, and then, with another hurroo and a flourish, Larry dashed at the others, catching one a slight tap on the head, but failing to stay him, for he and his companions were in full flight.

"That's mighty pleasant, anyhow," said Larry, with a profound sigh of satisfaction overspreading his countenance. "What a thrate!"

He gave his stick another flourish, and looked round for an adversary, but the gathering crowd shrank away and allowed him to pass to where Frank Adams was assisting Caleb Dawson to rise.

"Powers!" ejaculated Larry, in utter astonishment; "why, it's the masther, an' the whisky man! An' are ye hurt at all, at all? Don't spake both ov ye; but you, masther dear, have the spalpeens wounded ye?"

"Only a scratch or two, Larry," said Frank.

"Bad luck to thim! I'd have hit twicet as hard if I'd only known it was you, Sor. An' yer honor, Misther Dawson, Sor?"

"More frightened than hurt, I hope, Pat," said Dawson, feeling himself all over, after wrapping his handkerchief round his bleeding wrist.

"Freckened!" said Larry; "ye didn't look much freckened, aither ov ye, whin I came up."

"You only came just in time, anyhow," said Dawson, coolly.

"Say, strangers," said a voice, "if I were you I'd make tracks. Take the next turning, and go straight away, or you'll have them chaps back."

The advice was too good to be lightly treated; but there was some one else to think of besides themselves, and Dawson looked anxiously round, trying to identify the doorway into which he had swung Mary Adams and her sister, but failing; for in the fight they had gradually edged away to some distance from the place where the assault was first made.

"Well, hadn't we better make a retreat while we can?" said Adams, looking round to see more than one evil-looking, lowering countenance.

"Don't hurry, masther dear!" said Larry, pathetically. "One don't know whin we may have a chance of handlin' the stick again."

"It must have been here," said Dawson, stopping before a wretched, rickety-looking place.

"What must have been here?" said Adams, curiously.

"Why, where they stood for shelter when those scoundrels came on."

"You forget that I was not here at the beginning," said Adams. "Who may *they* be?"

"Good heavens, man! don't you know?" said Dawson, excitedly. "Why, your wife and sister."

Adams could hardly have started more if he had had a blow; his hand went to his throat, and he twice essayed to speak, but no words came. Then, seizing Dawson by the arm, he made motions for him to explain.

This the American did in a few sharp, brief sentences, and the two men looked at each other aghast.

There was now a diversion in their favor, for some of the ill-looking scoundrels who had been edging up suddenly began to sidle away, the reason being that the caps of several of the police were seen over the heads of the crowd, and a brief explanation ensued.

"It's no use to go into that now," said their leader, sharply. "We must come again when things have cooled down. Your lives ain't safe a minute."

"What, go and leave those helpless women here!" said Dawson. "Not if I know it."

He turned to speak to Adams, but he had already walked to the door, accompanied by Larry, and after a brief parley it was opened.

No; it had not been opened for hours. It was a mistake.

But Adams, who was half mad with anxiety, insisted upon the place being searched, calling in the aid of the police; and a very few minutes sufficed to show that the place was empty.

"Try this house," said Dawson, as soon as they were outside; and he pointed to another, vainly struggling the while with the confusion of mind consequent upon the struggle in which he had been engaged.

The house he pointed out was also searched, and another, and another after, when the leader of the police, who had, on the strength of having his force augmented, consented at last to the search, now refused to go any farther.

"It's no use, strangers," he said. "We shall have a regular riot in another five minutes, and not get off with our lives. These women are hiding, and will keep in hiding till the row is over. They can't come to no harm; and, look here, I must have my way now. So give in."

Adams made desperate opposition, and would have engaged even in a struggle with the police, but for the words of Dawson, who whispered earnestly in his ear:

"Give in now, or they'll drag us off. It will only be waste of power. I am as anxious as yourself, but the sergeant is right. Let the place cool down again before we come back. Perhaps I can think it out, too, by then, for my head is all muddled with this blow."

He put his hand to the back of his head as he spoke, and Adams for the first time saw that he was bleeding freely. He would still have opposed, for there was a horrible black feeling of despair in his heart, and it seemed worse than sacrilege to go, and, as it were, leave the women to their fate, when suddenly he gave a lurch forward and would have fallen, but one of the policemen caught him, and Larry rushed forward to his help.

"The ugly savages!" exclaimed Larry. "Bad luck to thim, fightin' wid knives an' pistols. Look at him how he's bladin'! Whisht, thin, policeman, is it dead he is, or only in a faint?"

"Dead? I reckon it would take a dozen such flicks as that to kill him," said the policeman; and then, supported on each side and surrounded by the police, the party moved off, Adams recovering in a few minutes, and yielding perforce to circumstances.

Arrived at the station, the aid of a surgeon was called in, and his dictum given that the hurts would heal in a few days.

"And now," said the sergeant, who had begun to take great interest in the case, "you two go back to the Chesapeake, and stay there and rest till evening. Then come back here, and we'll go down in tidy strength. Meanwhile, I'll set a fellow or two to work to make inquiries, and pick up all they can."

"I can't go," said Adams, "and leave them there. It is impossible."

"And suppose they have got back to the hotel while you and the rest of us have been getting ourselves chawed up?" said the sergeant.

Dawson waited to hear no more, but started off at a trot, and was only stopped by Larry, who ran after him.

"Don't be afther cuttin' away from the masther like that," he said. "If ye're so sthrong, he isn't; so come an' give him yer arm."

Dawson smiled, and waited the coming of Adams; then together they hastened on to the hotel.

"It's a forlorn hope," said Adams, with a groan. "Fool that I was ever to leave them!"

"Well," said Dawson, quietly, "I did not like their going, but I followed them all through, as closely as I could, till I missed them for a few minutes; and in those few minutes they were insulted, and—"

"Bedad, it's thim! Hurroo!" cried Larry, pointing to the window of the hotel, where sat Mary and Mrs. Adams, anxiously looking out for those who were absent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, when meaning to say a certain thing, usually says it in the "eftest way." Some one recently asked him, "What can we do for a friend for whom we have prayed a long time, and all that we can say or do only makes him more determined to have his own way?" Mr. Beecher replies: "Nobody likes to live in an atmosphere of incessant reproof. If you want to win his heart and melt his opposition, do not darken his life by making him feel, even by your looks or air, that you are groaning over him as a miserable sinner. Make life cheerful to him; make your own love for him a source of joy; let your piety be full of sweetness and light; show the utmost appreciation of his good qualities, and be patient. The case, as you state it, is not a very bad one."

—New incidents in the history of the Dickens family are constantly coming to light. In a recent letter Mrs. Dickens, the mother of the novelist, is described as "a little woman, who had been very nice-looking in her youth. She had very bright hazel eyes, and was as thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, companionable a body as one would wish to meet with. The likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if any thing happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterward describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had also a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of her listeners when narrating some sad event. She was slightly lame, having injured one of her legs by falling through a trap-door while acting in some private theatricals at the Soho Theatre, London. A great deal of Dickens's genius was inherited from his mother. He possessed from her a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, as also considerable dramatic talent."

—The late J. Edgar Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, inherited in a great degree the natural talent and engineering skill of his father, John Thompson, who was one of the most distinguished surveyors of the early part of the present century. Between 1790 and 1810 John Thompson was engaged in many governmental works, and upon the purchase by the celebrated "Holland Company" of nearly four millions of acres of land in Western New York, became one of their principal topographical engineers. He was employed in the original plotting of Buffalo and other large places in that vicinity, and likewise assisted in determining the legal limits of Lake Erie.

—The Czar was naval the other day. They gave him a little row on Virginia Water, at Windsor, and the curious thing about it was that they brought from the South Kensington Museum the barge which was built in 1702 at the command of Queen Anne for Prince George of Denmark when Lord High Admiral. It was an infirm old punt, but was calked and puttied and painted up and made sufficiently safe to convey the Czar on his miniature v'yage.

—Original medallion portraits of George Washington and Martha his wife, painted from life on ivory, and surrounded with the hair of the originals, the property of John Patterson, great-great-grandson of Washington's sister, Mrs. Lewis, have been sent to Boston for sale, the owner being, as Mrs. Partington says, in "indignant circumstances." The portraits are well authenticated, that of Washington having been painted while he was encamped near Boston, when he assumed command of the army.

—It appears from an official list lately published in London that some fifty priests and deacons of the Church of England have relinquished holy orders between August 9, 1870, and July 4, 1873. Among them is James Anthony Froude, the historian. He "relinquished" the office of deacon, and his deed of relinquishment was enrolled in the High Court of Chancery on the 21st of September, 1872.

—Mr. Lamar, M.C. from Mississippi, is made the subject of an elaborate "personal" notice in the Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle*. He was graduated at Oxford (Georgia) College, and afterward studied law, and was elected to Congress over J. L. Alcorn (now United States Senator). He is a man often given to strange and inexplicable "freaks." In 1859, suddenly and for no well-defined reason, he resigned his position in Congress, where he had won great reputation, and was doing the South excellent service, and accepted a small professorship in the University of Mississippi. His most intimate friends never did quite understand why he should leave Congress to become the teacher of a small class of school-boys. He insisted that it cost him more to live in Washington than his income; and no doubt it did, for he never had any more conception of the value of money than a child. He went on every body's bond who asked him to, and would loan money to every whelp who called. An incident upon this trait of his character occurred in 1861. When the State seceded he had no ready cash, but subscribed in advance a whole year of his salary as a professor to the public defense. But the State, knowing his nature and circumstances, would not accept the offer. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the rebel army as colonel, but before the regiment was under its first fire Colonel Lamar was stricken down with paralysis in front of his tent. He was subsequently one of the Confederate Commissioners to Europe, and on his return frequently traveled over the South upon confidential missions.

—Gustave Doré has on exhibition in London a new picture, entitled "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." It promises to add much to his already great reputation.

—The manner of Dr. Sumner's appointment as Bishop of Chester was on this wise: The doctor was in Hatchard's one day, and said to a clergyman whom he met there, "I have a note here to wait upon the Duke of Wellington; tell me where he lives." He went, was back in about ten minutes, and the clergyman was still there. "You have soon got your business over." "Yes, and in so short a time I am promoted to the see of Chester. I was shown into a room. In came the duke. 'Are you Dr. Sumner? I am commanded to offer you the bishopric of Chester. Do you accept or not?' 'Yes.' 'Then put your name down here. Good-morning.' And he left me."

—The Tichborne pretender was a source of some expense as well as trouble to parties interested. On the part of the government alone the total amount expended from 1872 to 1874 was a little over $275,000. Of this sum about $125,000 was for counsels' fees, and $20,000 for witnesses from Australia and Chili.

—The Duc d'Aumale has gone into the wine business. The famous domain of Château Margaux has been sold to him by Baron de Rothschild for about one million one hundred thousand dollars. The duke will now know what kind of claret he drinks.

—Governor Baxter has highly complimented, in general orders, Miss Allie R. Stewart, of Little Rock, for acts of courage and daring performed during the late scrimmage in Arkansas. Brigadier-General Barton has gone further than that by recommending her appointment as major and aid-de-camp.

—Mr. Disraeli, who has written a few stories himself, once said that a certain "Journal" (of a tour in the Highlands) and the Bible were the only books he valued, and if all other literature in the world should perish, the mind and soul of all humanity would find food enough in the "Journal" and the Bible for all time.

—Baron Waldeck, who recently celebrated in Paris the one hundred and ninth anniversary of his birthday, gave a supper which lasted till after two o'clock in the morning. The world has undergone wonderful changes in the years through which he has lived, and they have been faithfully recorded in the Hartford *Courant* (that's General Hawley's paper), which was established a year before he was, and which does not consider sitting up until two o'clock any thing very remarkable. It does it regularly, and then comes out by five o'clock to make calls.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	5.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, whose session began in St. Louis May 22, adjourned June 3. The question of the election of ruling elders for a limited term was decided affirmatively, but no elder may be elected for a shorter period than three years. The controversy on the right of women to speak and pray in public was determined by the adoption of the resolution "that the Assembly expresses no opinion as to the Scriptural view of woman's right to speak or pray in social prayer-meetings, and commits the whole subject to the discretion of the pastors and elders of the churches." A report on the Sabbath, recommending its strictest observance, was adopted. It was determined to raise $400,000 for home missions, and $100,000 for sustentation, the coming year. The next Assembly will meet in Cleveland, Ohio.

Congregationalism in the United States carries on its charitable work through six co-operative societies, at the head of which stands the American Board. These all held their anniversary on Thursday, May 28, in Tremont Temple, Boston, adjourning for the evening reception to Faneuil Hall. The American Board is too well known to need description here. Its estimated expenses for the current year are $458,687. The American College and Education Society promotes education in the Western States. The American Congregational Union has for its object the helping of feeble Congregational societies to erect church edifices. Its receipts last year were $64,882. The American Home Missionary Society provides ministers for new settlements. Its receipts last year were $290,120; expenditures, $287,666. It sustains 969 missionaries. The American Missionary Association devotes itself to the freedmen. It employs 323 missionaries and teachers, and supports forty-seven schools, with 14,003 pupils. The Congregational Publishing Society undertakes the publication and, in part, the gratuitous distribution of books. Its sales last year were $139,952. The social meeting at the close of the anniversary day was a very enjoyable occasion.

The Irish Church Synod, which has been sitting in Dublin, has had under consideration the changes of the Prayer-book and Catechism suggested by the Revision Committee. The dead-lock of last year has been partly overcome. The words in the burial service, "For it hath pleased the Lord to take unto himself our brother," were, however, by mutual agreement changed to "to take hence our brother." The following change was made in the Catechism. In the questions on the sacraments, after the answer beginning with the words, "The Body and Blood of Christ," the following question and answer are inserted:

Question. "After what manner are the Body and Blood of Christ taken and received in the Lord's Supper?"

Answer. "Only after a heavenly and spiritual manner, and the means whereby they are taken and received is faith."

After a protracted debate on the retention or rejection of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed in the Prayer-book, the Synod adopted a compromise resolution retaining the creed without change, but dispensing with the public recital of the clauses. The vote stood, in favor, 113 clergymen and 112 laymen; against, 25 of the clergy and 26 of the laity. This was approved in the House of Bishops by a vote of four to three, both of the archbishops voting against the measure. It will require the sanction of the Synod of 1875 to make this resolution a statute. A preface to the Prayer-book, in which it was proposed to pronounce the opinion of the Synod on the practice of confession, was referred to a committee, which will report at the next annual meeting. The Synod adjourned on the 8th of May.

In the discussion in the Lower House of Congress of the bill relating to courts and judicial officers in Utah, Delegate Cannon, of that Territory, had the hardihood to declare that the polygamous practices of the Mormon people could not be put down by any coercive measures, and that they would yield only to the force of reason. The House, notwithstanding, adopted by a large majority the bill forbidding polygamous Mormons from sitting as jurors in divorce cases. The point was made by Judge Poland, in reply to Mr. Cannon, that in the twelve years which have elapsed since the passage of the law forbidding polygamy, it has been impossible, notorious as are the facts, to obtain convictions through Mormon juries. If the House bill passes the Senate, another step will have been taken toward the suppression of this monstrous religious imposture.

"The National Christian Association," whose fundamental principle is opposition to secret societies, closed its meeting in Syracuse, New York, on the 4th of June, by the formation of a new political party to be called the "American party." The resolutions, which are strongly worded, are directed against Freemasonry, Odd-fellowship, farmers' granges, and secret temperance societies. The association has a charter from the State of Illinois, and will hold a national convention in Indianapolis the third week of August next.

A recent amendment to the ecclesiastical bills introduced in the Prussian Landtag may lead to important results. It is proposed that whenever a bishop presents a priest illegally to a parish, or refuses to present one legally, the nomination shall be given to the parishioners. In the dioceses of Cologne and Trier there are already 1241 parishes legally vacant, although the priests have not been as yet dispossessed. Should the Catholic laity accept this government offer, it may effect great changes.

The bill for the "Administration of Vacated Dioceses" has passed the Lower House of the Landtag by a vote of 257 to 95. The bill explaining the May laws of 1873, and which contains the provision for popular election above noticed, has also passed the Lower House.

A bill defining the position of the Old Catholics has passed the Parliament of Baden. It enacts that Old Catholics are to be recognized as members of the Catholic Church, and to have an equal right with the infallibilists to all churches and endowments. They may erect separate congregations in the parishes. When a parish declares itself wholly or by a majority Old Catholic, the full use of the church and its endowments is granted to it. During the debate on this bill the Ultramontanes left the house; the effect was that it passed unanimously.

In the Anglican Church some singular events have recently occurred. One of the most singular is the conflict of three missionary societies over the ecclesiastical possession of the island of Madagascar. This island was first Christianized by the agents of the London Missionary Society; a few years since the Church Missionary Society sent over a number of Anglican clergymen; finally, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts provided the islanders with a bishop. This step did not please the Church Missionary Society, which has withdrawn all its missionaries. Madagascar has, therefore, a bishop without any clergy for him to superintend.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On the afternoon of June 2 the corner-stone of the building designed for the American Museum of Natural History was laid with appropriate ceremonies in Manhattan Square. It will be remembered that the American Museum was incorporated in 1869, and its valuable treasures were deposited in the Arsenal building in the Central Park, where they have been freely visited by the public. Additions have been constantly made to the collections, and the temporary accommodations have proved altogether inadequate to the proper exhibition of the specimens. Accordingly, in 1871, the erection of a commodious building on Manhattan Square was authorized by the Legislature. Manhattan Square is situated between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets and Eighth and Ninth avenues, and is under the control of the Central Park Commissioners. The laying of the corner-stone of the Museum building attracted a large assemblage of people, many of whom were present by invitation of the trustees. The day was delightful, the music excellent, and all arrangements as complete as possible. The exercises included prayer by Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng; an address, on the part of the trustees, by Mr. Robert L. Stuart, president of the Museum; addresses by Hon. H. G. Stebbins, president of the Department of Parks, by Governor Dix, by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution; and the laying of the corner-stone by President Grant. A box containing the daily papers, some periodicals, a few State papers, some coin and currency, and documents concerning the Museum was placed in a hollow stone, on which the corner-stone was laid. The ceremony being over, the President and invited guests visited the Arsenal and inspected the collections of the Museum.

All who have visited Niagara will remember one of the prominent features of that noted resort, the islands known as the Three Sisters, which were for so many years inaccessible, but more recently have been connected with the main-land by three rustic bridges. The second of these bridges was the other day the scene of one of those exciting incidents of which there have been so many at Niagara. A painter named William M'Cullogh, while at work upon the bridge, fell by accident into the stream beneath, which at that point rushes and rages irresistibly toward the fall. He was swept down stream, and seemed at first to be hopelessly lost. But he was able to get a standing-place upon a little rock which is visible above the water, scarcely more than forty feet above the brow of the cataract. Here he was soon seen by the excited crowd which instantly gathered upon the bank of the river. For a time it seemed impossible to aid him; but at length a stout-hearted guide—Thomas Conroy by name—ventured into the rapids, and swam down to the rock, carrying one end of a rope. This he tied to himself and the now nearly exhausted painter, and by means of it they were both drawn safely ashore. Such courage and skill as Conroy showed ought to be secured for some post of importance where such qualities are needed.

The young ladies of Vassar College recently took a moonlight excursion on the Hudson River. A local paper thus describe the "three cheers and a tiger" which the ladies gave President Raymond:

"As he stepped ashore, Professor Backus, having gathered fifty or sixty of the ladies about him on the upper deck, shouted, 'Mr. President!' following it with 'Now, ladies—one, two, three!' and then, how those ladies yelled! They gave three rousing cheers, ending up with a piercing 'tiger,' the like of which we have never heard before. President Raymond doffed his chapeau, the Cornwall steamboat bell rang, the *Powell's* whistle blew, and the boat passed out of the mountain shades of the Highlands into Newburgh Bay in the full moonlight."

Pasigraphy is the name of a new system of writing by numbers, which, it is asserted, may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages. Dr. Anton Bachmaier, of Munich, is the inventor. A conference of gentlemen of various nationalities was held in London not long ago to promote the undertaking, and the result is said to have been of an encouraging character.

As an instance of Russian progress and enterprise it may be mentioned that several Russian newspapers sent special correspondents to England to report the incidents of the Czar's visit.

According to the pontifical laws of 1802 and 1820, the removal from Rome of any celebrated work of art, from private as well as public collections, is prohibited. Consequently there is considerable talk in Rome just now in regard to the sudden disappearance of one of Raphael's paintings from the Sciarra Gallery. This painting is "The Violin Player," and it is said to have been sold by its owner to a foreigner, who will take it out of the country. The question is whether pontifical laws are still in force at Rome.

A sextant, thermometer, and chronometer, instruments used by Dr. Livingstone in his last journey, are now on exhibition in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, London, together with some of his maps.

Eleven ladies have continued their medical studies at Edinburgh during the winter, outside the university, and under the direction of extramural lecturers of distinction. They have rented a shop in Guthrie Street, in which they practice dissection. Although the Edinburgh University authorities interdict them from competing for academical or medical degrees, they can be examined before the Society of Apothecaries of London, from whom they can receive a license to practice medicine.

The Grand Duke Vladimir, second son of the Czar of Russia, is twenty-seven years of age, handsome, finely educated, of artistic tastes, and occupies a prominent position in the military service, and takes special interest in civil affairs.

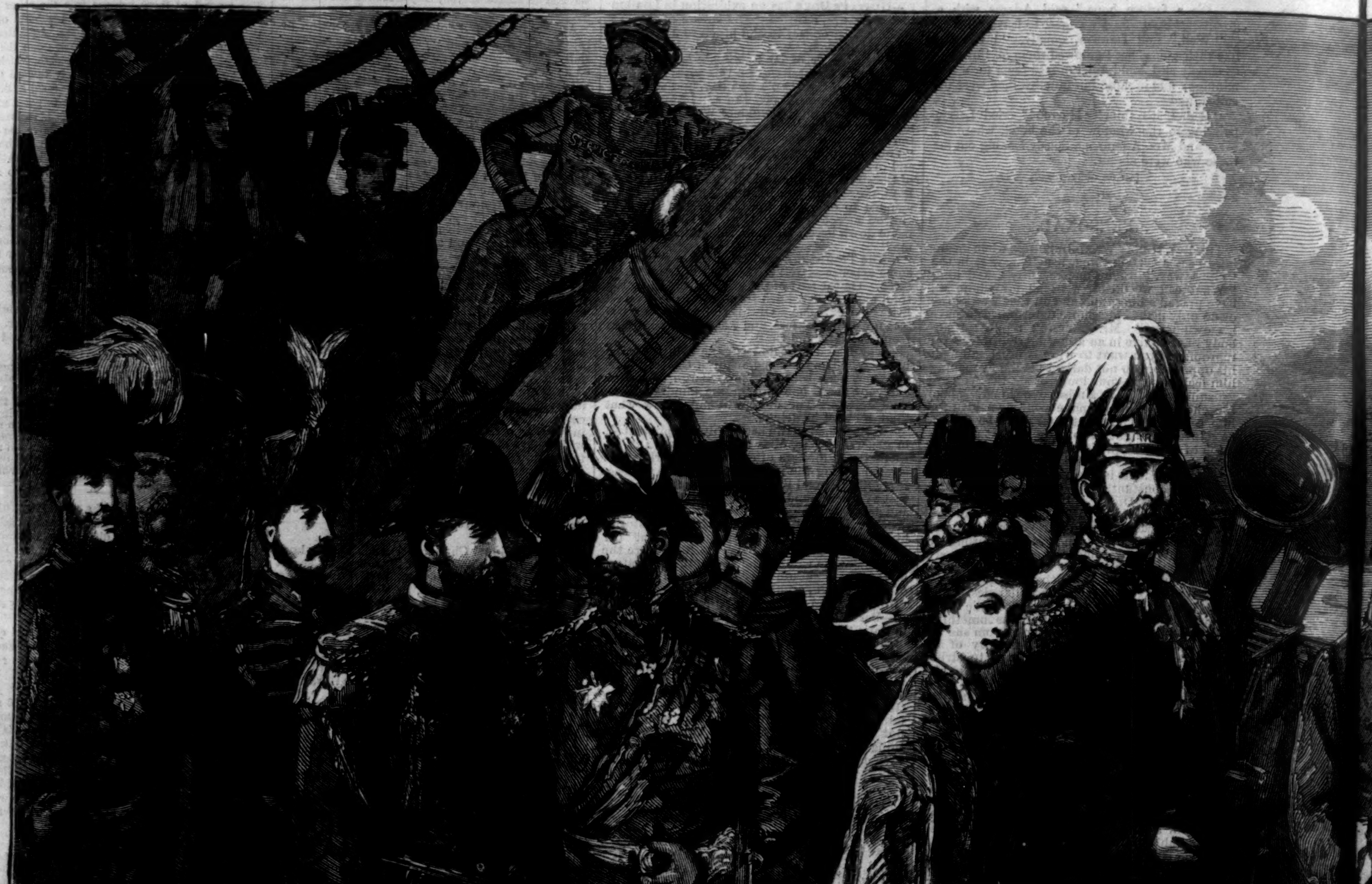
It is now announced that the students who were recently suspended by the faculty of Bowdoin College for refusing to take part in the obnoxious military drill will probably return, temporarily. The faculty issued a general notice that the boys might return and resume their places in class, and that all who should do so for the rest of the term might, at end of term, receive an honorable dismissal to some other college, if their objections to the drill were not removed. The students are willing, it is said, to return upon these conditions, their understanding being that the drill is to be relaxed during the term.

Hereafter the Duchess of Edinburgh is to be styled "Her Imperial and Royal Highness," and is to take precedence immediately after the Princess of Wales. This settlement of the great question of precedence seems to have been amicably arranged between the Czar and Queen Victoria.

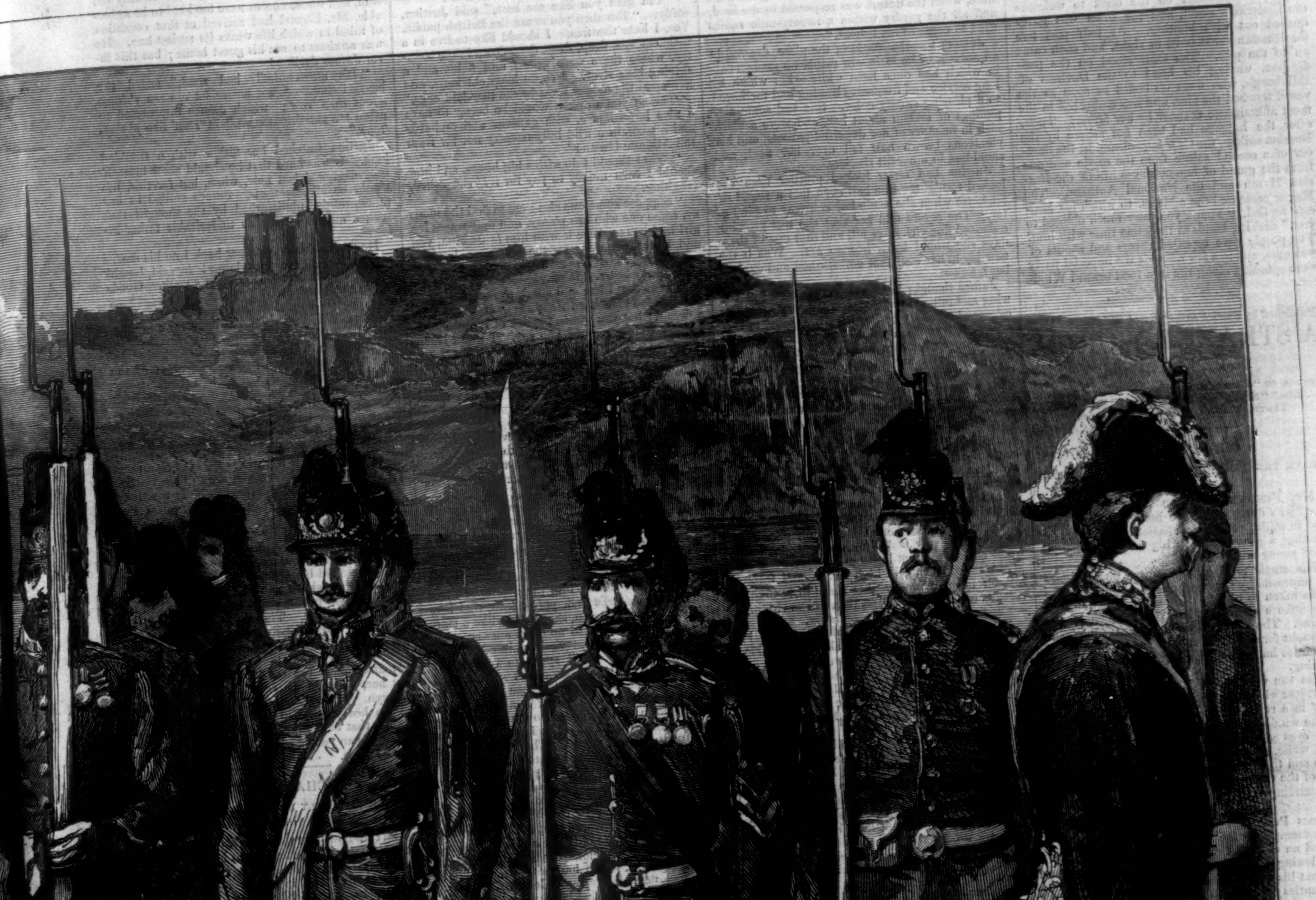
At the recent ordination of her son, at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, the Rev. Phœbe Hanaford offered the ordaining prayer. She also wrote a hymn for the occasion, which was sung by the congregation.

Chloroforming mice is the latest and best method of getting rid of these mischievous intruders. Chloroform put upon a piece of cotton, and thrown among the mice—provided you can find their haunts—produces a salutary effect.

Along the Scottish coast, from Aberdeen northward, fishing for herrings is a regular profession of great importance. During July and August, when the capture chiefly takes place, the fishing and curing stations present a scene of the liveliest confusion. Herrings are reckoned by "crans" when caught—a "cran" being forty-five gallons. In 1873 the "catch" amounted to 475,437 crans, or nearly 21,500,000 gallons. When cured, the herrings are largely exported to foreign countries. The quality of this little fish is various, evidently depending on the nature of the feeding-ground. Various localities have such marked differences in the size, shape, and quality of the herrings found in them, that an expert can readily distinguish them. The food of the herring is believed to consist chiefly of floating infusoria and minute crustaceans.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA IN ENGLAND—THE DEBARK



—THE DEBARKATION AT DOVER.—[See Page 518.]

THE CZAR IN ENGLAND.

Our double-page illustration represents the debarkation of the Czar at Dover, England. The landing was to have taken place early in the day, but the imperial yacht, the *Derjava*, went aground, and delayed the ceremony till near evening. Meantime an immense concourse of people assembled on the dock to welcome the illustrious guest, and the town was gayly decked out with bunting. At half past five the Russian yacht hove in sight, and soon came up to the pier. The Czar stood on the paddle-box, waving his hand to the Duchess of Edinburgh, who went on board as soon as the vessel touched the pier, and was embraced in the most affectionate manner by her father. Then, after the luggage had been got ashore by the Russian sailors, the Czar landed, amidst the thunder of a second salute from the castle and one from the guard of honor, the music of the Russian Hymn and the National Anthem. The Mayor presented the address, to which his Majesty replied, "Thank you, very much obliged to you," shaking hands at the same time with him. The people gave repeated cheers and shouts of welcome, and in a few minutes the imperial party were speeding along the iron road toward Windsor.

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A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAVE THE HIGH GODS ANY THING LEFT TO GIVE?

Mr. Penwyn set down his guests at the chandler's door, and drove home to the Waterfowl in solitary state, the chariot in which he sat seeming a great deal too big for one medium-sized young man.

His ample meal on the course made dinner an impossibility; so he ordered a cup of coffee to be taken to him in the garden, and went out to smoke a cigar on his favorite bench by the willow. The Waterfowl was too far off the beaten tracks for any of the race people to come there, so James had the garden all to himself even this evening.

The sun was setting beyond the bend of the river, just where the shining water seemed to lose itself in a rushy basin. The ruddy light shone on the windows of the town till they looked like fiery eyes gleaming through the gray evening mist, while, grandly dominating the level landscape and the low irregular town, rose the dusky bulk of the cathedral, dwarfing the distant hills, and standing darkly out against that changeful sky.

James Penwyn was in a meditative mood, and contemplated the landscape dreamily as he smoked an excellent cigar with epicurean slowness, letting pleasure last as long as it would. Not that his soul was interpenetrated by the subtle beauties of the scene. He only thought that it was rather jolly, that solemn stillness after the riot of the race-course, that lonely landscape after the movement of the crowd.

Only last night had Justina and he stood side by side in the moonlight—only last night had their hands met for the first time—and yet she seemed a part of his life, indispensable to his happiness.

"Is it love?" he asked himself, "first love? I didn't think it was in me to be such a spoon."

He was at the age when that idea of "spooniness" is to the last degree humiliating. He had prided himself upon his manliness—thought that he had exhausted the well-spring of sentiment in those passing flirtations, the transitory loves of an under-graduate. He had talked big about marrying by-and-by for money and position, to add new lustre to the house of Penwyn, to carry some heiress's arms on his shield upon an escutcheon of pretense.

Was it really love?—love for a foolish girl of seventeen, with sky-blue eyes, and a look of adoration when she raised them ever so fearfully to his face? Justina had a pensiveness that charmed him more than other women's gayety, and till now sprightliness had been his highest quality in woman—a girl who would light his cigar for him and take three or four puffs daintily before she handed him the weed—a girl who was quick at retort, and could "chaff" him. This girl essayed not repartee; this girl was fresh and simple as Wordsworth's ideal woman. And he loved her. For the first time in his glad young life his heart throbbed with the love that is so near akin to pain.

"I'll marry her," he said to himself. "She shall be mistress of Penwyn Manor."

The sun went down and left the landscape gloomy. James Penwyn rose from the bench with a faint shiver.

"These early-summer evenings are chilly," he thought, as he walked back to the house. He felt lonely somehow in spite of his fair new hope. It was so strange to him not to have Clissold at his side—to reprove or warn. But at worst the voice was a friendly one. The silence of this garden, the dusky gloom on yonder river, the solemn grandeur of the dark cathedral, chilled him.

The great clock boomed eight, and reminded him that the play had begun half an hour. It would be, a relief to find himself in the lighted play-house among those rollicking actors.

He went down to the theatre, and made his way straight to the greenroom. There was a good house—a great house Mr. Elgood told James—and the commonwealth's shares were already above par. Every body was in high spirits, and most people's breath was slightly flavored with beer.

"We have been turning away money at the gallery door," said Mr. Dempson, who was dressed for Moses, "I should think to the tune of seventeen shillings. This is the right sort of thing, Sir. It reminds me of my poor old governor's time, when the drama was respected in the land, and all the gentry within a twenty-mile radius used to come to his benefit."

Justina was the Maria of the piece, dressed in an ancient white satin—or rather an ancient satin which had once been white—but which by long service and frequent cleaning had mellowed to a pleasing canary-color. She had some airy puffings of muslin about her, and wore a black sash in memory of her departed parents, and her plenteous brown hair fell over her neck and shoulders in innocent ringlets.

Justina had never looked prettier than she looked to-night. She had even had a round of applause when she made her courtesy to Sir Peter. The actors told her that she was growing a deuced fine girl, after all, and that one of these days she would learn how to act. Was it the new joy in her soul that embellished and exalted her?

James thought her lovely, as he stood at the wing and talked to her. Miss Villeroy, who was esteemed a beauty by her friends, seemed to this uninitiated youth a painted sepulchre; for she had whitened her complexion to match her powdered wig, and accentuated her eyebrows and eyelids with Indian ink, and picked out her lips with a rose-pink saucer, and incarnadined her cheek-bones; by which artistic efforts she had attained that kind of beauty to which distance lends enchantment, but which, seen too near, is apt to repel. Miss Villeroy had the house with her, however. She had the audience altogether with her as Lady Teazle, and, being a virtuous matron, cared not to court James Penwyn's admiration. Indeed, she was very glad to see that the foolish young man was taken with poor Judy, Mrs. Dempson told her husband; for poor dear Judy wasn't every body's money, and about the worst actress the foot-lights ever shone upon.

Mr. Elgood being in high spirits, and feeling himself flush of money—his share in to-night's receipts could hardly be less than fifteen shillings—was moved to an act of hospitality.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Penwyn," he said: "the treating sha'n't be all on your side, though you're a rich young swell and we are poor beggars of actors. Come home with us to-night, after the last piece, and I'll give you a lobster. Judy knows how to make a salad, and if you can drink bitter, you shall have enough to swim in."

Mr. Penwyn expressed his ability to drink bitter beer, which he infinitely preferred to Champagne. But what would he not have drunk for the pleasure of being in Justina's society?

"It's a poor place to ask you to come to," said Mr. Elgood. "Dempson and I go shares in the sitting-room, and we don't keep it altogether as tidy as we might, the womenkind say; but I'll take care the lobster's a good one, for I'll go out and pick it myself. I don't play in the last piece, luckily."

The afterpiece was *A Rowland for an Oliver*, in which Justina enacted a walking lady who had very little to do. So there was plenty of time for James to talk to her as she stood at the wing, where they were quite alone, and had nobody to overhear them except a passing scene-shifter now and then.

This seemed to James Penwyn the happiest night he had ever spent in his life, though he was inhaling dust and escaped gas all the time. It seemed a night that flew by on golden wings. He thought he must have been dreaming when the curtain fell, and the lights went out, and people told him it was midnight.

He waited amidst darkness and chaos while Justina ran away to change her stage dress for the garments of common life. She was not long absent, and they went out together, arm in arm. It was only a little way from the theatre to the actor's lodgings, so James persuaded her to walk round by the cathedral, just to see how it looked in the moonlight.

"Your father said half past twelve for supper, you know," he pleaded, "and it's only just the quarter."

The big bell chimed at the instant, in confirmation of this statement, and Justina, who could not for her life have said no, assented hesitatingly.

The cathedral had a colossal grandeur seen from so near, every finial and water-spout clearly defined in the moonlight. Justina looked up at it with reverent eyes.

"Isn't it grand?" she whispered. "One could fancy that God inhabits it. If I were an ignorant creature from some savage land, and nobody told me it was a church, I think I should know that it was God's house."

"Should you?" said James, lightly. "I think I should as soon take it for a corn exchange or a wild-beast show."

"Oh!"

"You see, I have no instinctive sense of the fitness of things. You would just suit Clissold. He has all those queer fancies. I've seen him stand and talk to himself like a lunatic sometimes, among the lakes and mountains—what you call the artistic faculty, I suppose."

They walked round the Cathedral Square arm in arm, Justina charmed to silence by the solemn splendor of the scene. All was quiet at this end of the city. Up at the subscription-rooms there might be riot and confusion; but here, in this ancient square, among these old gabled houses, almost coeval with the cathedral, silence reigned supreme.

"Justina," James began, presently, "you told me yesterday that you didn't care about being an actress."

"I told you that I hated it," answered the girl, candidly. "I suppose I should like it better if I were a favorite, like Villeroy."

"I prefer your acting to Miss Villeroy's ever so much. You do it rather too quietly, perhaps, but that's better than yelling as she does."

"I'm glad you like me best," said Justina, softly. "But then you're not the British public. Yes, I hate theatres. I should like to live in a little cottage, deep, deep, deep down in the country, where there were woods and fields and a shining blue river. I could keep chickens, and live upon the money I got by the new-laid eggs."

"Don't you think it would be better to have a nice large house, with gardens and orchards and a park, in a wild hilly country not far from the Atlantic Ocean?"

"What should I do with a big house, and how should I earn money to pay for it?" she asked, laughing.

"Suppose some one else were to find the money, some one who has plenty, and only wants the girl he loves to share it with him? Justina, you and I met yesterday for the first time, but you are the only girl I ever loved, and I love you with all my heart. It may seem sudden, but it's as true as that I live and speak to you to-night."

"Sudden!" echoed Justina; "it seems like a dream; but you mustn't speak of it any more. I won't believe a word you say. I won't listen to a word. It can't be true. Let's go home immediately. Hark, there's the half hour. Take me home, please, Mr. Penwyn."

"Not till you have answered me one question."

"No, no."

"Yes, Justina. I must be answered. I have made up my mind, and I want to know yours. Do you think you care for me, just a little?"

"I won't answer. It is all more foolish than a dream."

"It is the sweetest dream that ever was dreamed by me. Obstinate lips! Can not I make them speak? No? Then the eyes shall tell me what I want to know. Look up, Justina; just one little look—and then we'll go home."

The heavy lids were lifted, slowly, shyly, and the young lover looked into the depths of those dark eyes. A girl's first, purest love, that love which is so near religion, shone there like a star.

James Penwyn needed no other answer.

"You shall never act again unless you like, darling," he said. "I'll speak to your father to-night, and we'll be married as soon as the business can be done. When you leave Eborsham it shall be as mistress of Penwyn Manor. There is not a soul belonging to me who has the faintest right to question what I do. And it is my duty to marry young. The Penwyn race has been sorely dwindling of late. If I were to die unmarried my estate would go to my cousin, a fellow I don't care two straws about."

Perhaps this was said more to himself than to Justina. She understood nothing about estates and heirships, she to whom property was an unknown quantity. She only knew that life seemed changed to a delicious dream. The hard, work-a-day world, which had not been too kind to her, had melted away, and left her in paradise. Her hand trembled beneath the touch of her lover as he clasped it close upon his arm.

They walked slowly through the silent, shadowy street, so narrow that the moonlight hardly reached it, and went in by the shop door, which had been left ajar in a friendly way for their reception.

"What a time you've been, Judy!" cried Mr. Elgood, standing before the table, stirring a bowl of green stuff, with various cruets at his elbow. "I've had to make the salad myself. Sit down and make yourself at home, Penwyn. Dempson, draw the cork of that bitter. The right thing nowadays is to pour it into a jug. When I was a young man we couldn't have too much froth."

Mrs. Dempson had smartened her usual toilet with a bow or two and a black lace veil, which she wore gracefully festooned about her head to conceal the curl-papers in which she had indued her tresses for to-morrow evening's performance. She would be too tired to curl her hair by the time they got rid of this foolish young man.

The supper was even gayer than the luncheon on the race-course. There was a large dish of cold corned beef, ready sliced, from the cook's shop; a cucumber, a couple of lobsters, and a bowl of salad, crisp and oily, upon which Mr. Elgood prided himself.

"There are not many things that this child can do," he remarked, "but he flatters himself he can dress a salad."

The ale being infinitely better of its kind than the Champagne provided by the Waterfowl, proved more exhilarating. James Penwyn's spirits rose to their highest point. He invited every body to Penwyn Manor, promised Miss Villeroy a season's hunting, Mr. Dempson any amount of sport. They would all go down to Cornwall together, and have a jolly time of it. Not a word did he say about his intended marriage; even though elated by beer, he felt a restraining delicacy which kept him silent on this one subject.

Justina was the quietest of the party. She sat by her father's side, looking her prettiest, with eyes that joy had glorified, and a delicate bloom upon her cheeks. She neither ate nor drank, but listened to her lover's careless rattle, and felt more and more that life was like a dream. How handsome he was! how good! how brave! how brilliant! Her simplicity accepted the young man's under-graduate jocosity for wit of the purest water. She laughed her gay young laugh at his jokes.

"If you could laugh like that on the stage, Judy, you'd make as good a company actress as Mrs. Jordan," said her father.

"As if any one could laugh naturally to a cue!" cried Justina.

They sat late, almost as late as they had sat on the previous night, and when James rose at last to take his leave, urged thereto by the unquiet slumbers of Villeroy, who had fallen asleep in an uncomfortable position on the rickety old sofa, and whose snores were too loud to be agreeable, Mr. Elgood had arrived at that condition of mind in which life wears its rosiest hue. He was anxious to see his guest home; but this favor James declined.

"It's an—comm'ly bad road," urged the heavy father. "Y'd berrer let me see y' 'ome—cut thro' row;" which James interpreted to mean "a cut-throat road." "Don' like y' t' go 'lone."

Justina watched her father with a troubled look. It was hard that he should show himself thus degraded just now, when, but for this, life would be all sweetness. James smiled at her re-assuringly, undisturbed by the thought that such a man might be an undesirable father-in-law.

He pushed his entertainer back into his seat.

"Talk about seeing me home!" he said, laughing; "why, it isn't half an hour's walk. Good-night, Mr. Dempson. I'm afraid I've kept your wife up too late, after her exertions in Lady Teazle. Will you open the door for me, Justina?"

Justina went down the narrow crooked staircase with him—one of those staircases of the good old times, better suited to a belfry tower than a dwelling-house. They went into the dark little shop together, and just at the door, amidst odors of Irish butter and Dutch cheese, Scotch herrings and Spanish onions, James took his betrothed in his arms and kissed her, fondly, proudly, as if he had won a princess for his helpmeet.

"Remember, darling, you are to be my wife. If I had a hundred relations to bully me, they wouldn't make me change my mind. But I've no one to call me to account, and you are the girl of my choice. I haven't been able to speak to your father to-night, but I'll talk to him to-morrow morning, and settle every thing. Good-night, and God bless you, my own dear love!"

One more kiss, and he was gone. She stood on the door-step watching him as he walked up the narrow street. The moon was gone, and only a few stars shone dimly between the drifting clouds. The night wind came coldly up from the water-side yonder, and made her shiver. A man crossed the street and walked briskly past her, going in the same direction as James Penwyn. She noticed, absently enough, that he wore a heavy overcoat and muffler for defense against that chill night air, no doubt, but more clothing than people generally wear in the early days of June.

CHAPTER IX.

"OTHER SINS ONLY SPEAK; MURDER SHRIEKS OUT."

Very radiant were Justina's dreams during the brief hours that remained to her for slumber after that Bohemian supper-party—dreams of her sweet new life, in which all things were bright and strange. She was with her lover in a garden—the dream-garden which those sleepers know who have seen but little of earthly gardens; a garden where there were marble terraces and statues and fountains, and a placid lake lying in a valley of bloom; a vision made up of faint memories of pictures she had seen or poems she had read. They were together and happy in the noonday sunshine. And then the dream changed. They were together in the moonlight again—not outside the cathedral, but within the long solemn nave. She could see the distant altar gleaming faintly in the silver light, while a solemn strain of music, like the muffled chanting of a choir, rolled along the echoing arches overhead. Then the silvery light faded, the music changed to a harsh dirge-like cry, and she woke to hear the rain-drops pattering against her little dormer-window—Justina's room was the worst of the three bed-chambers, and in the garret story—and a shrill-voiced hawker bawling water-cresses along the street.

She had the feeling of having overslept herself, and not being provided with a watch, had no power to ascertain the fact, but was fain to dress as quickly as she could, trusting for the cathedral clock to inform her of the hour. To be late for rehearsal involved a good deal of snubbing from the higher powers, even in a commonwealth. The stage-manager retained his authority, and knew how to make himself disagreeable.

Life seemed all reality again this morning, as Justina plaited her hair before the shabby little mirror, and looked out at the dull gray sky, the wet sloppy streets, the general aspect of poverty and damp which pervaded the prospect. She had need to ask herself if yesterday and the night before had not been all dreaming. She the chosen bride of a rich young squire—she the mistress of Penwyn Manor! It was surely too fond a fancy. She, whose shabby weather-stained under-garments—the green stuff gown of two winters ago converted into a petticoat last year, and worn threadbare, the corset which a nurse-maid might have despised—lay yonder on the dilapidated rush-bottomed chair, like the dull reality of Cinderella's rags, after the fairy ball dress had melted into air.

She hurried on her clothes, more ashamed of their shabbiness than she had ever felt yet, and ran down to the sitting-room, which smelled of stale lobster and tobacco, the windows not having been opened on account of the rain. Breakfast was laid. A sloppy cup and saucer, the dorsal bone of a haddock on a greasy plate, indicated that some one had breakfasted. The cathedral clock chimed eleven. Justina's rehearsal only began at half past. She had time to take her breakfast comfortably, if she liked.

Her first act was to open the window and let in the air and the rain—any thing was better than stale lobster. Then she looked into the tea-pot, and wondered who had breakfasted, and if her father were up. Then she poured out a cup of tea, and sipped it slowly, wondering if James Penwyn would come to the theatre while she was rehearsing. He had asked her the hour of the rehearsal. She thought she would see him there, most likely, and the dream began again.

A jug of wild flowers stood on the table by the window—the flowers she had gathered two days ago, before she had seen *him*.

They were a little faded—wild flowers droop so early—but in no wise dead; and yet a passion had been born and attained its majority since those field flowers were plucked.

Could she believe in it, could she trust in it? Her heart sank at the thought that her lover was trifling with her—that there was nothing but foolishness in this first love dream.

Her father had not yet left his room. Justina saw his one presentable pair of boots waiting for him outside his door as she went by on her way down stairs.

She found Mr. and Mrs. Dempson at rehearsal, both with a faded and washed-out appearance, as if the excitement of the previous day had taken all the color out of them.

The rehearsal went forward in a straggling way. That good house of last night seemed to have demoralized the commonwealth, or perhaps the sense of dissipation going on out-of-doors, the races and holiday-makers, and bustle of the town, may have had a disturbing influence. The stage-manager lost his temper, and said business was business, and he didn't want the burlesque to be a "munge"—a word borrowed from some unknown tongue, which evidently made an impression upon the actors.

Justina had been in the theatre for a little more than an hour, when Mr. Elgood burst suddenly into the greenroom, pale as a sheet of letter-paper, and wearing his hat anyhow.

"Has any body heard of it?" he asked, looking round at the assembly. Mrs. Dempson was sitting in a corner covering a satin shoe. Justina stood by the window studying her part in the burlesque. Mr. Dempson, with three or four kindred spirits, was smoking on some stone steps just outside the greenroom. Every body looked round at this sudden appeal, wondering at the actor's scared expression of countenance.

"Why, what's up, mate?" asked Mr. Dempson. "Is the cathedral on fire? Bear up under the affliction; I dare say it's insured."

"Nobody has heard, then?"

"Heard what?"

"Of the murder."

"What murder? Who's murdered?" cried every one at once, except Justina. Her thoughts were slower than the rest, perhaps. She stood looking at her father, fixed as marble.

"That poor young fellow, that good-hearted young fellow, who stood treat yesterday. Did you ever know such a blackguard thing, Demps? Shot from behind a hedge on the road between Lowgate and the Waterfowl. Only found this morning between five and six by some laborers going to their work. Dead and cold; shot through the heart. He's lying at the Lowgate Arms, just inside the archway, and there's to be a coroner's inquest at two o'clock this afternoon."

"How awful!" cried Dempson. "What was the motive? Robbery, I suppose."

"So it was thought at first, for his pockets were empty, turned inside out. But the police searched the ditch for the weapon, which they didn't find, but found his watch and purse and pocket-book, half an hour ago, buried in the mud, as if they'd been rammed down with a stick. So there must have been revenge at the bottom of the business, unless it was that the fellow who did it—I dare say there was more than one—took the alarm, and hid the plunder, with the intention of fishing it up again on the quiet afterward."

"It looks more like that," said Mr. Dempson. "The hay-makers are beginning to be about—a bad lot. Any scoundrel can use a scythe. Don't cry, old woman"—this to his wife, who was sobbing hysterically over the satin shoe. "He was a nice young fellow, and we're all very sorry for him; but crying won't bring him back."

"Such a happy day as we had with him!" sobbed the leading lady. "I never enjoyed myself so much, and to think that he should be m—m—murdered! It's too dreadful."

Nobody noticed Justina, till the thin straight figure suddenly swayed, like a slender young poplar in a high wind, when Mathew Elgood darted forward and caught her in his arms just as she was falling. Her face lay on his shoulder, white and set.

"I'm blessed if she hasn't fainted!" cried her father. "Poor Judy! I forgot he was rather sweet upon her."

"You didn't ought to have blurted it out like that," exclaimed Mrs. Dempson, more sympathetic than grammatical. "Run and get a glass of water, Dempson. Don't you fuss with her"—to the father. "I'll bring her to, and take her home, and get her to lie down a bit. She sha'n't go on with the rehearsal, whatever Pyecroft says." Pyecroft was the stage-manager. "She'll be all right at night."

Justina, after having water splashed over her poor pale face, recovered consciousness, stared with a blank awful look at her father and the rest, and then went home to her lodgings meekly, leaning on Mrs. Dempson's arm. A bleak awakening from her dream!

Yes, it was all true. The gay, light-hearted lad, the prosperous lord of Penwyn Manor, had been taken away from the fair fresh world, from the life which for his unsated spirit meant happiness. Slain by a secret assassin's hand, he lay in the darkened club-room of the Lowgate Arms awaiting the inquest.

The Eborsham police were at work, but not alone. The case was felt to be an important one. A gentleman of property was not to be murdered with impunity. Had the victim been some agricultural laborer slain in a drunken fray, some turnpike-man murdered for plunder, the Eborsham constabulary would have felt itself able to cope with the difficulties of the case. But this was a darker business, a crime which was likely to be heard of throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the Eborsham Constable felt that the eyes of Europe were upon him. He knew that his own men were slow and blundering, and, doubtful of their power to get at the bottom of the mystery, telegraphed to Spinnersbury for a couple of skilled detectives, who came swift as an express train could carry them.

"Business is business!" said the Eborsham Constable. "Whatever reward may be offered by-and-by—there's a hundred already by our own magistrates—we work together, as between man and man, and share it honorably."

"That's understood," replied the gentlemen from Spinnersbury, the chief centre of that northern district. And affairs being thus established on an agreeable footing, the skilled detectives went to work.

The watch and purse had been found by the local police before the arrival of these Spinnersbury men. The purse was empty, so it still remained an open question whether plunder had not been the motive. The man who took the money might have been afraid to take the watch, as a compromising bit of property likely to bring him into trouble. Dorkis, one of the Spinnersbury men, went straight to the Waterfowl to hunt up the surroundings of the dead man. Pawfoot, his companion, remained in Eborsham, where he made a round of the low-class public-houses, with a view to discovering what doubtful characters had been hanging about the town during the last day or two. A race meeting is an occasion when doubtful characters are apt to be abundant: yet it seemed a curious thing that Mr. Penwyn, whom nobody supposed to be a winner of money, should have been waylaid on his return from the town, rather than one of those numerous gentlemen who had gone home from the rooms that night with full pockets and wine-bemused heads.

Mr. Dorkis found the Waterfowl people as communicative as he could desire. They had done nothing but talk about the murder all the morning with a ghoulish gusto, and could talk of nothing else. From them Mr. Dorkis heard a good deal that set his sapient mind working in what he considered a happy direction.

"Pawfoot may do all he can in the town," he thought; "I'm not sorry I came here."

The landlady, who was dolefully loquacious, took Mr. Dorkis aside, having ascertained that he was a detective officer from Spinnersbury, and informed him that there were circumstances about the case she didn't like; not that she wished to throw out any thing against any body, and it would weigh heavy on her mind if she suspected them that were innocent; still thought was free, and she had her thoughts.

Pressed home by the detective, she went a little further, and said she didn't like the look of things about Mr. Clissold.

"Who is Mr. Clissold?" asked Dorkis.

"Mr. Penwyn's friend. They came here together three days ago, and seemed as comfortable as possible together, like brothers, and they went out fishing together the day before yesterday, and then in the evening they brought home some of the play-actors to supper—the best of every thing—and going up to bed they had high words. Me and my good man heard them, for the loud talking wakened us, and it was all along of some girl. And they were both very much excited, and Mr. Penwyn banged his door that violent as to shake the house, being an old house, as you may see."

"A girl!" said Mr. Dorkis; "that sometimes means mischief. But there's not much in a few high words between two young gentlemen after supper, even if it's about a girl. They were all right and friendly again next morning, I suppose?"

"I dare say they would have been," replied the hostess, "only Mr. Clissold went out early next morning with his fishing-rod, leaving a bit of a note for Mr. Penwyn, and didn't come back till twelve o'clock to-day."

"Curious!" said Mr. Dorkis.

"That's what struck me. Mr. Penwyn expected him back yesterday evening, and left word to say where he'd gone, if his friend came in. Of course Mr. Clissold was awfully shocked when he came in to-day and heard of the murder. I don't think I ever saw a man turn so white. But it did strike me as strange that he should be out all night just that very night."

"Did he tell you where he had been?"

"No. He went out of the house again directly with the police. He was going to telegraph to Mr. Penwyn's lawyer and some of his relations, I think."

"Ready to make himself useful," muttered Mr. Dorkis. "I should like to have a look round these gentlemen's rooms."

Being duly armed with authority, this privilege was allowed Mr. Dorkis. He examined bed-chambers and sitting-room, looked at the few and simple belongings of the travelers, who were naturally not encumbered with much luggage. Finding little to employ him here, Mr. Dorkis took a snack of lunch in the public parlor, heard the gossip of the loungers at the bar through the half-open door, meditated, smoked a pipe, and went out into the high-road.

He met Pawfoot, who seemed dispirited.

"Nothing turned up?" asked Dorkis.

"Less than half nothing. How's yourself?"

"Well, I think I'm in the right lay, but it's rather dark at present."

They went back to the inn together, conferring in half whispers. A quarter of an hour later Humphrey Clissold returned from his mission. He looked pale and wearied, and hardly saw the two men whom he passed in the porch. He had scarcely entered the house when these two men came close up to him, one on each side.

"I arrest you on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of James Penwyn," said Dorkis.

"And bear in mind that any thing you say now will be used against you by-and-by," remarked Pawfoot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At present the principal source of income to the United States from its acquisition of Alaska, and that which pays the larger part of the interest on the original investment of $7,000,000 in its purchase, is derived from the fur-seal islands of St. Paul and St. George, which constitute the Pribylov group, situated in the Behring Sea, and north of the Aleutians. It is from these islands that the greater number of the skins of the fur seal as known in commerce are derived, the animals resorting to them in immense numbers every spring for the purpose of bringing forth their young.

Although a few seals are taken elsewhere in the North Pacific, the breeding grounds or rookeries are almost entirely in the Pribylov group, and, as such, require to be guarded with great care, and especially in the way of determining the class of animals that shall be killed, and of limiting the number.

In 1870 an act was passed by Congress placing this limitation at 100,000, of which 75,000 were to be taken from the island of St. Paul, and 25,000 from St. George, and it was made unlawful to kill any female seal, or any male less than a year old. The Secretary of the Treasury was also authorized to lease the islands for a term of twenty years, from the 1st of May, 1870, at an annual rental of not less than $50,000, and in addition a royalty of $2 per skin was to be exacted. The natives, however, were to be allowed to take a certain number of skins for their own purposes, upon which a similar royalty was to be paid. In fact, the total annual receipts from the islands at the present time amount to $271,000.

The Alaska Commercial Company secured the contract, and has carried it out in apparent good faith. The condition of the islanders has been considerably improved, and attention has been paid to their moral and physical welfare. The interests of the United States are guarded by a resident Treasury agent (Captain Bryant), with an assistant on St. Paul Island, and another on St. George, who see that the law of Congress and the regulations of the Treasury Department are complied with. Upon Captain Bryant's recommendation, Congress has lately directed that the proportion of animals to be killed on the respective islands be left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, provided that the maximum of 100,000 be not exceeded. It is found that not more than ten to fifteen thousand skins of the first quality can be obtained on St. George, while St. Paul will yield more than 75,000 without any danger of affecting the general supply. Although the full number has hitherto been taken by the Alaska Company from St. George, yet more than half the skins were of inferior quality, and brought much less than the average price.

Congress has also authorized the appointment, by the Treasury Department, of a commission to proceed forthwith to the North Pacific and investigate the natural history and geographical distribution of the fur seals. He is to be accompanied by an officer of the navy, whose more especial duty will be to look into the affairs of the Alaska Commercial Company. Mr. Henry W. Elliott has been selected as the Treasury agent, and Lieutenant Maynard by the Navy Department.

A valuable addition to the hand-books of the naturalist has lately appeared, in the form of a *Manual of Field Ornithology*, prepared by Dr. Elliott Coues, and published by the American Naturalist Agency of Salem. This gives the result of Dr. Coues's experiences as a collector in various regions of North America, from Labrador to California, and from Southern Arizona to the Lake of the Woods; and as the production of an accomplished ornithologist and naturalist, and an extremely successful and skilled field explorer, can not fail to be of great service both to the beginner and the advanced student.

Not the least valuable feature of the volume consists in a new check list of North American birds, giving the result of the latest inquiries on the part of Dr. Coues and other ornithologists. The list published by the Smithsonian Institution, which has been in very extensive use for many years past, brings the subject down only to 1859, and in view of the additions and corrections of synonymy which have taken place since that time, there has been an urgent need of a new one, which has been satisfactorily met by Dr. Coues.

As a general rule, the stomachs of shad when taken in nets during their spring migration very rarely contain food of any kind, and it is therefore somewhat difficult to determine of what their sustenance consists. On the 11th of April, however, Mr. Elwood R. Norny, of Philadelphia, while attending his shad and bass fishery at the head of Delaware Bay, near Fort Penn, noticed that one of the shad was unusually distended, and on opening it found the stomach crammed to repletion with a small crustacean, which from his description is probably a species of *Mysis*. Dr. Leidy also records an instance where a shad taken in Delaware Bay in the fall had several fish in its stomach.

The first annual report of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture, prepared under the direction of Professor George H. Cook, has just been published, and embraces several papers of considerable interest. Its principal feature consists in an article by the secretary upon the soils of New Jersey, with reference to their distribution and chemical composition, and the weight of soil compared with that taken out of it by the crops. There are also numerous papers upon fertilizers (some of them of much value), together with articles on wheat-raising, on forest fires, etc. The whole volume is well worth the attention of both the scientific and practical agriculturist.

The fourth part of Tryon's *American Marine Conchology* has made its appearance, with eight colored plates, and embracing the family of the *Chitonidæ*, of which six species are indicated, the orders *Opisthobranchiata* and *Pteropoda*, the commencement of the class *Acephala*, beginning with the *Pholadidæ*. The work was commenced early in 1873, and if it be confined to the five or six parts originally proposed, will soon be brought to a completion.

A novelty in legislation consists in the recent introduction into Congress of a bill proposing to grant the State of Minnesota 200,000 acres of land within its limits, the proceeds of which shall be kept as a perpetual fund, the interest to be applied to the support, maintenance, and equipment of an astronomical observatory and school of mines at St. Anthony's Falls in connection with the Minnesota State University. A special stipulation in this proposed act is that the schools shall be free of charge to all students.

The question in regard to the success of the experiment of transplanting salmon to Tasmania is apparently set at rest by the announcement of the capture on the 30th of December last of a genuine grilse, for which the government reward of twenty pounds sterling has been paid, and the specimen forwarded to England. For many years past large fish have been seen leaping in the Derwent River, but no one was able to catch them; and although believed to be salmon, the fact was not proved by more positive evidence.

The fish referred to weighed several pounds, and if a salmon, must have been hatched in the river, as it is many years since any eggs were imported into Tasmania. There now appears to be little doubt that the descendants of eggs of salmon transported from England have actually bred in these waters, showing that the fish have a greater adaptability to climate than has been anticipated, the contrast in point of temperature in the surrounding seas being very decided. We have in this much encouragement for the measures taken to multiply salmon in regions of the United States where they have never grown naturally.

It is much to be desired that in any other experiments of the transfer of salmon to Australia the California fish be tried, not only on account of the greater certainty of their safe arrival, but from their better adaptability to the new locality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A woman living in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, recently resorted to a curious mode of revenge. Her cat, of which she was exceedingly fond, had for some reason or other been killed by an official. She accordingly procured several mouse-traps and caught some fifty mice, which she immediately inclosed in a box and sent to the offending person. He, suspecting nothing, opened the package, and was horrified to see a swarm of mice spring out of the box and run all over the place. At the bottom of the box he found a note containing the following words: "You have killed my cat; I have therefore the honor to send you my mice."

An ill-bred Act—Cheating the baker.

Two youngsters were trudging home from market; one had a basket on his arm with meat in it. He said, "My ma's got a fidgelator what 'll keep every thing so cold as ice to put it in. Your mamma got one?" "No, she ain't," answered Bob, "but she's got a steel egg-beater!" "Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted the smaller boy, turning square round to look at the other; "what's that for?" "Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!" "Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn, "she'd better look out! if she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break in. Eggs is brittler than any thing. Guess you most don't know what you're talkin' about!"

A gentleman saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer." "Yes I can, pa, because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red." That man had business that required him down town immediately.

On week-days you buy your music by the sheet. On Sundays you can have it by the choir.

The Question of the Hour—What's the time?

What is that which increases the more you take from it?—Why a hole, of course.

The great difference between Byron and Burns in early youth was that the one was a Harrow boy and the other a plowboy.

A heavy Fifth Avenue swell was heard struggling with the following the other day: "The English—ah—have shown in—ah—Ireland and—ah—Africa that they—ah—know how to demolish—ah—shanties!"

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performance at a London theatre, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and *resting himself!*" He immediately slunk down.

A horrible cannibal advertises for "a girl to cook."

This epitaph is inscribed on the grave of a smuggler across the Atlantic Ocean. He was shot by the excisemen:

"Here I lies,
Killed by the XI's."

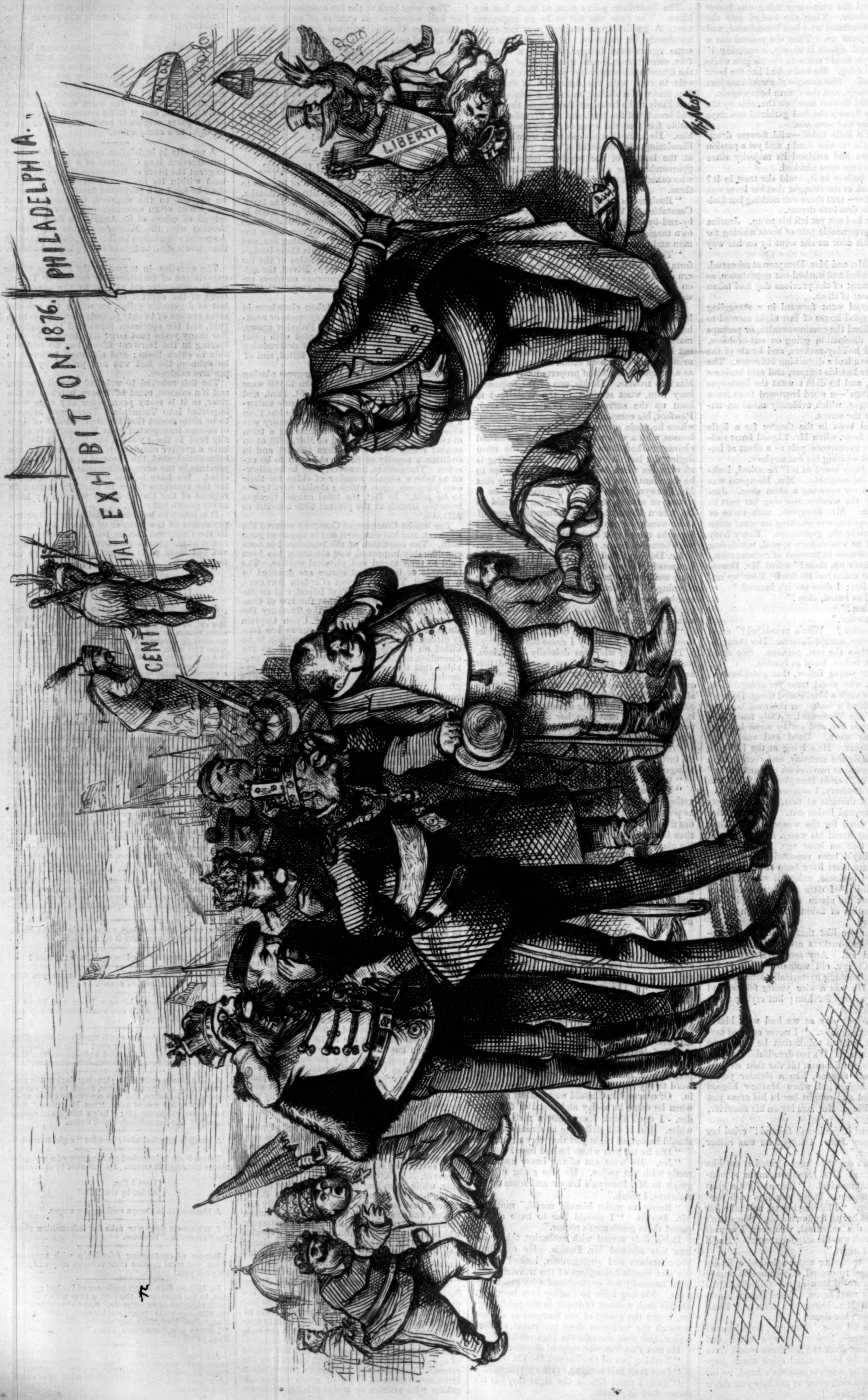
A blacksmith is always striking for wages.

A Wisconsin dairyman asks for information about the "cremation" business.

Beware of contracting friendship with surgeons. When you most require their services they will probably cut you.

Dr. Hill, an Edinburgh professor of the last century, met, in the suburbs of the city, a man who was generally regarded as an imbecile. Somewhat irritated by the intrusion on the privacy of his walk, Dr. Hill said to him, "How long, Tom, can one live without brains?" "I dinna ken," answered Tom; "how long has ye lived yersel?"

A learned young lady the other day astonished the company by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations. She wanted a thimble.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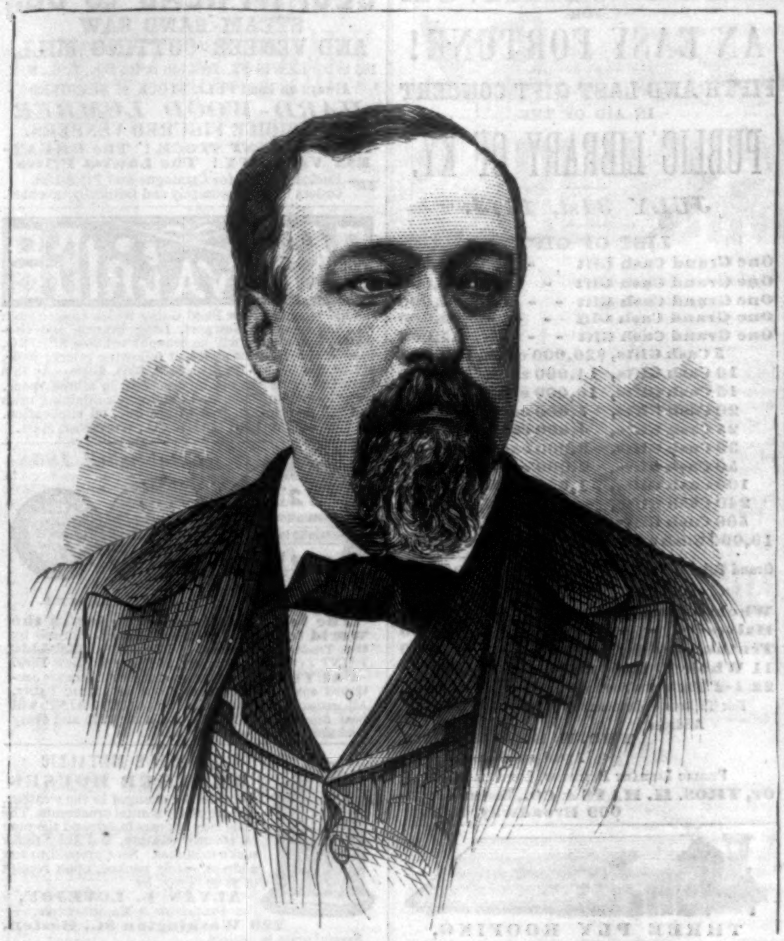
AL EXHIBITION. 1876.
PHILADELPHIA.
LIBERTY

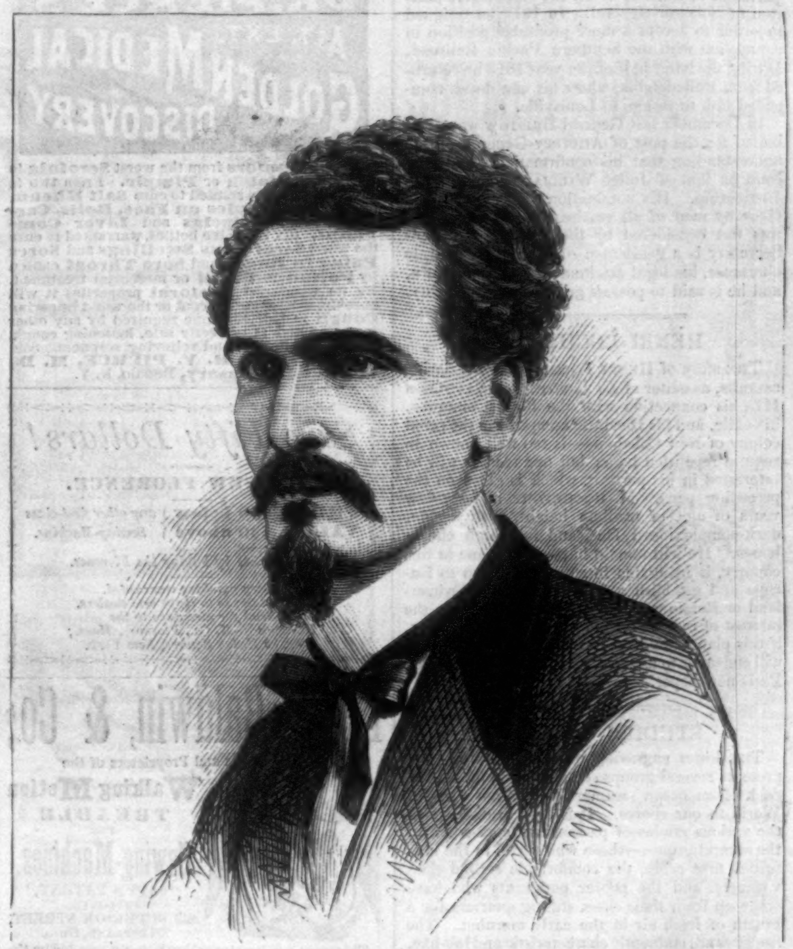
THE GREATEST JOKE OF THE CENTURY.

BROTHER LOVE. "Will you come into my—?" HATEFUL CROWNED HEADS. "Parlor?" said the spider to the fly."

Moral.—Let us make a National, and *not* an International Exhibition.



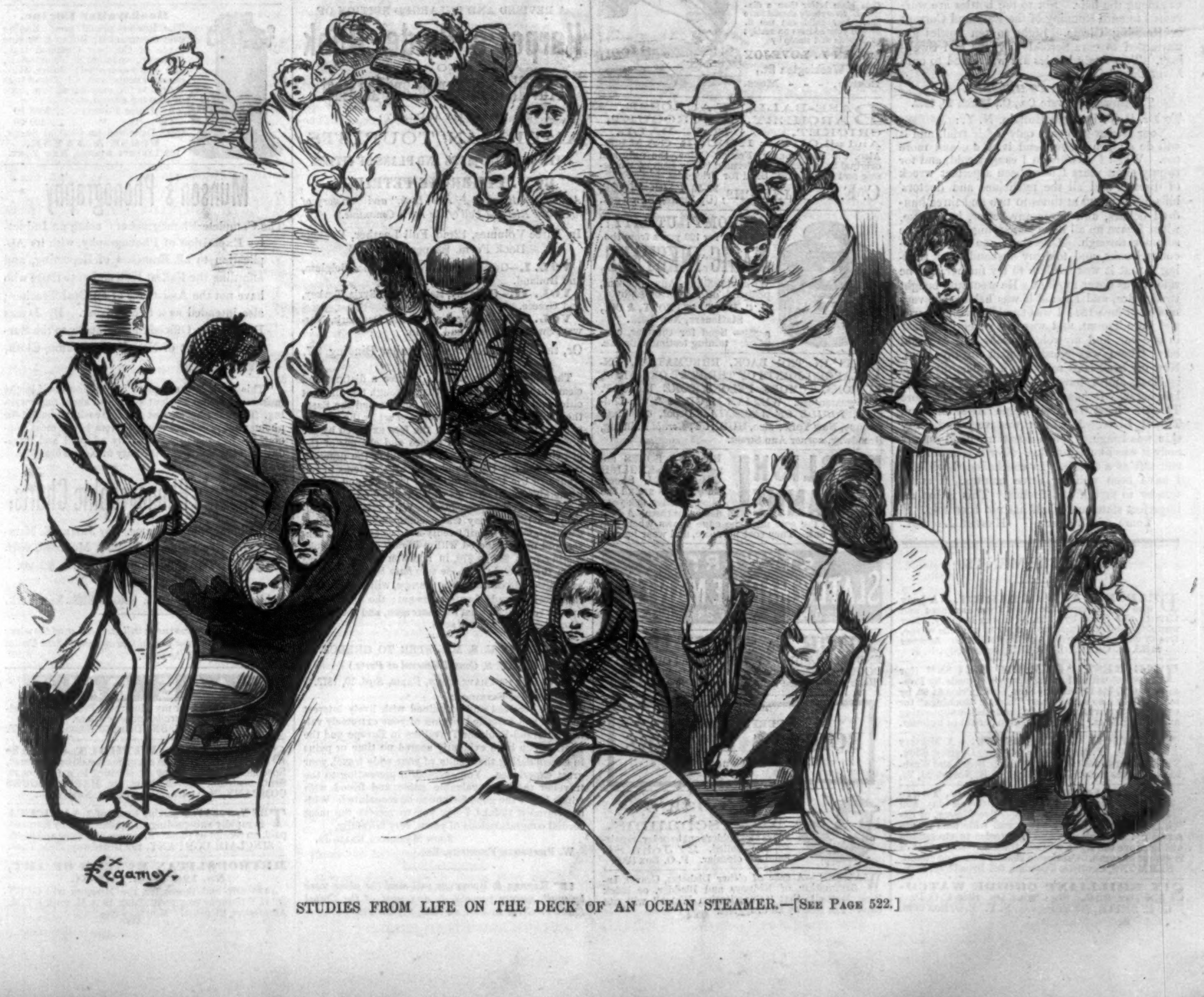
GENERAL B. H. BRISTOW, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]



HENRI ROCHEFORT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

SECRETARY BRISTOW.

GENERAL B. H. BRISTOW, who succeeds Mr. RICHARDSON as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, is a native of Kentucky. He was born in Elkton, Todd County, in 1833. During the war, as well as all through the troublous political campaign preceding the outbreak of hostilities, he was a strong Union man. He entered the Union army in 1861, and served with great distinction in the West. He was at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, as Major of the Twenty-fifth Kentucky regiment, and was afterward Colonel of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. During his whole term of military service he possessed the confidence and friendship of that able soldier, General THOMAS. On the close of the war General BRISTOW was made United States Attorney for the Louisville district, which position he filled with marked ability until 1870, when he was



STUDIES FROM LIFE ON THE DECK OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

called to Washington, on the creation of the Department of Justice, to fill the responsible position of Solicitor-General. In 1872 he resigned in order to accept a more profitable position in connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad. During the latter half of the year 1873 he returned from Philadelphia, where his new duties compelled him to reside, to Louisville.

In December last General Bristow was nominated for the post of Attorney-General, on the understanding that his confirmation should depend on that of Judge Williams to the Chief-Justiceship. His nomination was received with favor by men of all parties, although his name was not considered by the Senate. The new Secretary is a gentleman of the highest private character, his legal attainments are well known, and he is said to possess great executive ability.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

The story of Henri Rochefort—his daring assaults, as editor of *La Lanterne*, on Napoleon III., his connection with the Paris Commune, his exile, and his romantic escape from the penal colony of New Caledonia—is too well known to require repetition here; but our readers will be interested in his portrait, which is given on the preceding page. M. Rochefort is forty-four years of age, of medium height, with a thin, dark-complexioned face, and full, high cheekbones. He will remain but a short time in this country, it being his intention to return to Europe and establish a journal either in Switzerland or Belgium, similar to *La Lanterne*, in the interest of radical republicanism in France; or, if this plan should prove to be impracticable, he will endeavor to act as the correspondent of some Paris newspaper.

STUDIES ON DECK.

The lower engraving on the preceding page presents several groups sketched from life on the deck of an ocean steamer bound from the Old World to our shores. It is easy to distinguish the various grades of passengers represented in the several groups—those who travel in the luxurious first cabin, the comfortable second-class voyagers, and the poorer emigrants who have come up from their close, stifling quarters for a breath of fresh air in the early morning. The sketches are eminently characteristic and life-like.

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A WONDER TO HERSELF.

Tanktown, Delaware Co., O., March 20, 1873.

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Your Discovery needs only a fair trial, and it will do all you recommend it to do, and more too. When I was fifteen I caught cold, and for twenty-eight years I have been a perfect wreck of disease, and all the medicines and doctors' bills have run up at times to two and three hundred dollars, and never any better, but worse, when I gave up all hope last spring of living the summer through. I received one of your Account Books, and told my husband after reading it that it was too late to try further, but he said it was never too late. He went and bought two bottles, and I found it was helping me very much. Since 1841 I was troubled with Catarrh and Sore Throat, and was almost entirely deaf in one ear, and my voice was as dull as could be. There was constant pain in my head. Now my head is as sound as a dollar, my voice is clear, and I have used ten bottles of your Discovery. It has cured me of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Heart Disease, Spine Affection, and Torpid Liver. My Liver was very bad. My skin was rough. When I put my hand on my body it was like fish-scales. Now it is as smooth and soft as a child's. In conclusion, I will say I have been well for three months. I am a wonder to myself and friends. This is but an imperfect statement; half has not been told.

Yours, with respect, Hester Lackey.

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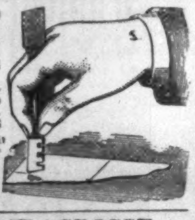

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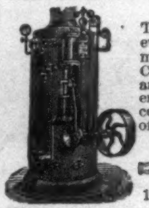

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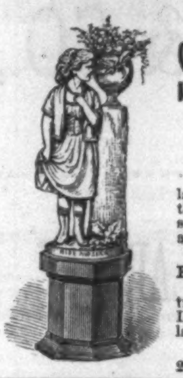

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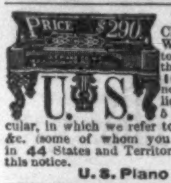

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SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
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TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
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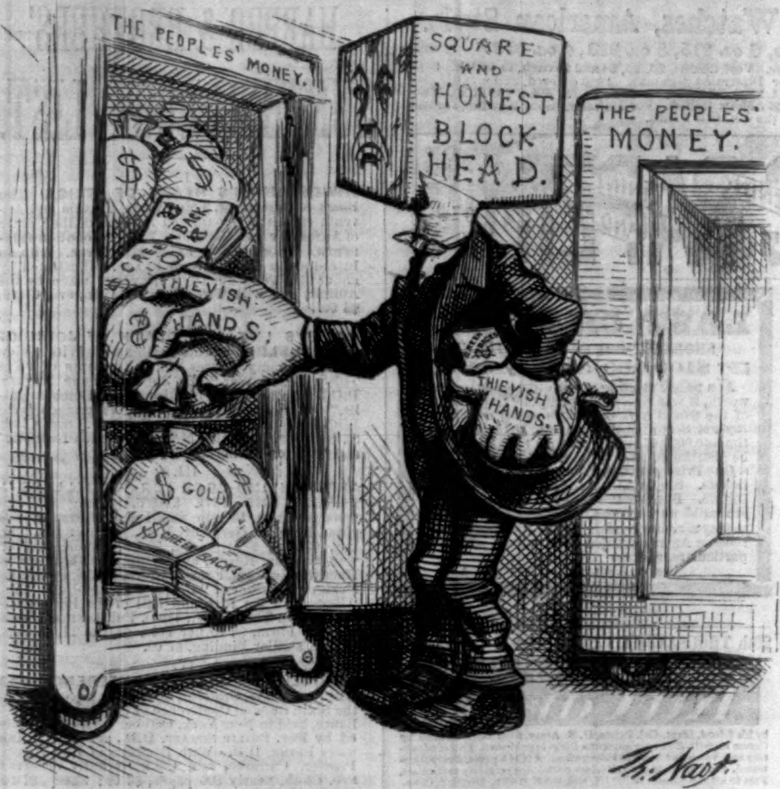
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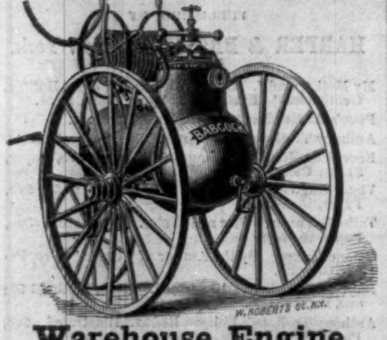

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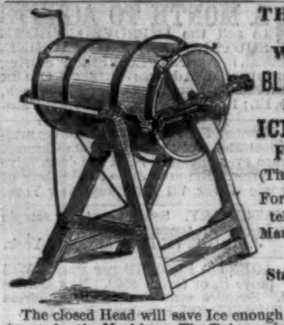

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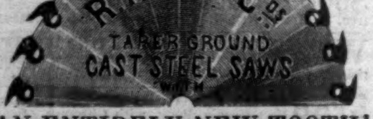

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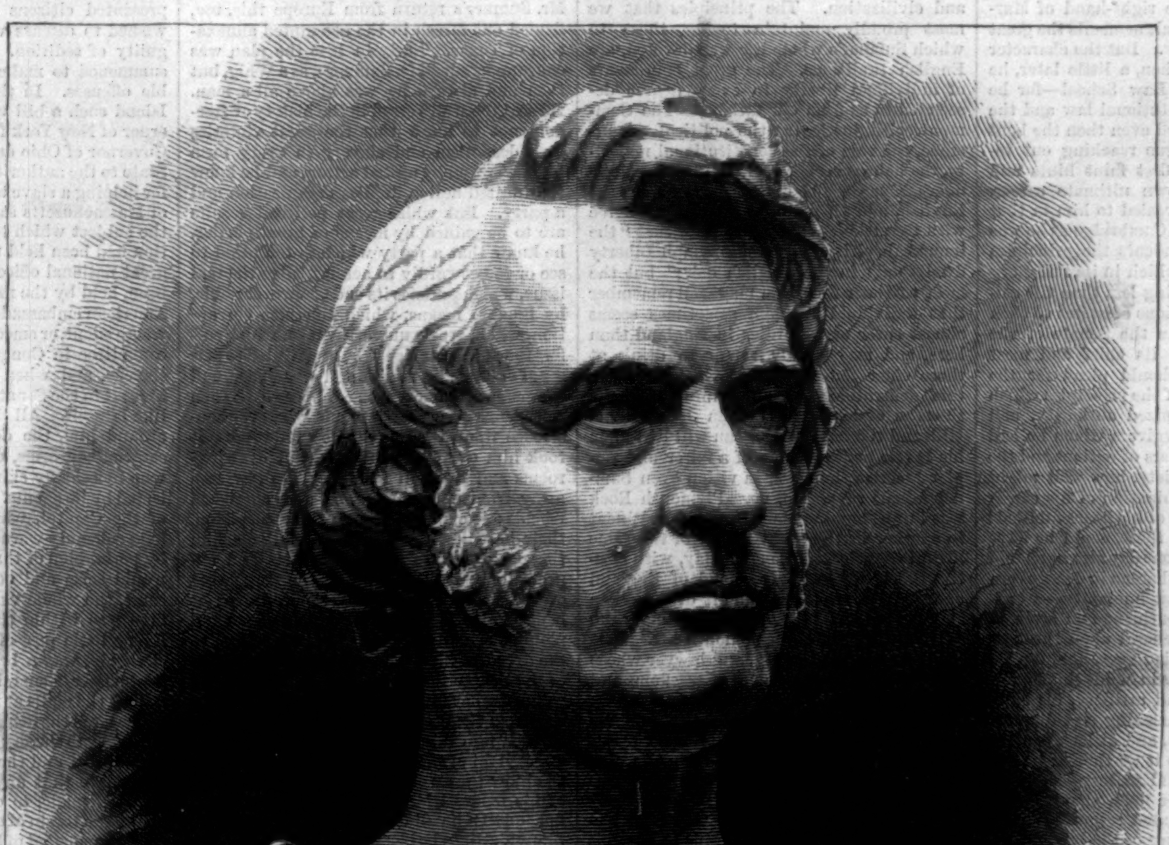
THE prayer is said—the dirge is sung. From the waters of the Bay to the hills of Berkshire the funeral bells of the Commonwealth have tolled; the Congress of the United States, of which he was the oldest member in continuous service, has in both Houses spoken his praises—no voice more eloquent than that of his opponents; the race to whose elevation his life was consecrated has bewailed him with filial gratitude; this city, his birth-place and his home, has proudly mourned its illustrious citizen; the pulpit and the press every where in the land have blended sorrow and admiration; and now his native State, with all its honored magistracy—the State which gave him his great opportunity, clothing his words with the majesty of Massachusetts, so that when he spoke it was not the voice of a man, but of a commonwealth—lamenting a son so beloved, a servant so faithful, a friend so true, comes last of all to say farewell, and to deliver the character and career of Charles Sumner to history and the judgment of mankind. I know how amply, how eloquently, how tenderly, the story of his life has been told. In this place you heard it in words that spoke for the culture and the conscience of the country—for the prosperous and happy. And yonder in Faneuil Hall his eulogy fell from lips that must always glow when they mention him—lips that spoke for the most wronged and most unfortunate in the land, who never saw the face of Sumner, but whose children's children will bless his name forever. I might well hesitate to stand here if I did not know that, enriched by your sympathy, my words, telling the same tale, will seem to your generous hearts to prolong for a moment the requiem that you would not willingly let die.



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Nor think the threefold strain superfluous. How well this universal eulogy—these mingling voices of various nativity, but all American—befits a man whose aims and efforts were universal; whom neither a city, nor a State, nor a party, nor a nation, nor a race bound with any local limitation! On a lofty hill overlooking the lake of Cayuga, in New York, stands a noble tree, in the grounds of the Cornell University, under which an Oxford scholar, choosing America for his home because America is the home of Liberty, has placed a seat upon which he has carved, "Above all nations is Humanity." That is the legend which Charles Sumner carved upon his heart, and sought to write upon the hearts of his fellow-citizens and of the world. And if at this moment my voice should suddenly sink into silence, I can believe that this hall would thrill and murmur with the last words he ever publicly spoke in Massachusetts, standing on this very spot: "Nor would I have my country forget at any time, in the discharge of its transcendent duties, that, since the rule of conduct and of honor is the same for nations as for individuals, the greatest nation is that which does most for humanity."

Amidst the general sorrow Massachusetts mourns him by the highest right, for with all the grasp of his hope and his cosmopolitan genius, perhaps for those very reasons, he was essentially a Massachusetts man. And here I touch the first great influence that moulded your Senator. This is the Puritan State, and the greatness of Sumner was the greatness of the Puritan genius—the greatness of moral power. Learning and culture and accomplishment; æsthetic taste and knowledge; the grace of society; the scholar's rich resource in travel; illustrious friendships in every land; the urbanity and charm of a citizen of the world—all these he had; all these you know; yet all these were but the velvet in which the iron Puritan hand was clad—the Puritan hand which in other days had smitten kings and dynasties hip and thigh; had saved civil and religious liberty in England; had swept the Mediterranean of pirates; had avenged the Lord's

> "slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"

the Puritan hand which, reaching out across the sea, sterner than the icy sternness of the New England shore, grasped a new continent, and wrought the amazing miracle of America.

The Puritan spirit, in the larger sense, enriched with many nationalities, broader, more generous, more humane, is the master influence of American civilization, and among all our public men it has no type so satisfactory and complete as Charles Sumner. He was the son of Massachusetts. By the fruit let the tree be judged. The State to whose hard coast the *Mayflower* came, and upon whose rocks it dropped its seed—the State in which the mingled Puritan and Pilgrim spirit has been most active—is to-day the chief of commonwealths. It is the community in which the average of well-being is higher than in any state we know in history. Puritan in origin though it be, it is more truly liberal and free than any similar community in the world. The fig and the pomegranate and the almond will not grow there, nor the nightingale sing, but nobler blossoms of the old human stock than its most famous children the sun never shone upon; nor has the liberty-loving heart of man heard sweeter music than the voices of James Otis and Samuel Adams, of John Adams and Joseph Warren, of Josiah Quincy and Charles Sumner. Surely I may say so, born in the State that Roger Williams founded—Roger Williams, the prophet whom Massachusetts stoned.

Into this State and these influences Charles Sumner was born sixty-three years ago, while as yet the traditions of colonial New England were virtually unchanged. Here were the town-meeting, the constable, the common school, the training-day, the general intelligence, the morality, the habit of self-government, the homogeneity of population, the ample territory, the universal instinct of law. Here was the full daily practice of what De Tocqueville afterward called the two or three principal ideas which form the basis of the social theory of the United States, and which seemed to make a republic possible, practicable, and wise. It was one of the good fortunes of Sumner's life that, born amidst these influences, he used to the utmost the advantage of school and college.

To many men youth itself is so sweet a siren that in hearing her song they forget all but the pleasure of listening to it. But the sibyl saved no scroll from Sumner; he had the wisdom to seize them all. His classmates, gayly returning late at night, saw the studious light shining in his window. The boy was hard at work, already in those plastic years storing his mind and memory, which seemed indeed an "inability to forget," with the literature and historic lore which gave his later discourse such amplitude and splendor of illustration that, like a royal robe, it was stiff and cumbrous and awkward with exaggerated richness of embroidery. He never lost this vast capacity of work, and his life had no idle hours. Long afterward, when he was in Paris, recovering from the blow in the Senate, ordered not to think or read, and daily, as his physician lately tells us, undergoing a torture of treatment which he refused to mitigate by anæsthetics, simply unable to do nothing, he devoted himself to the study and collection of engravings, in which he became an expert. And I remember in the midsummer of 1871, when he remained, as was his custom, in Washington, after the city was deserted by all but its local population, and when I saw him daily, that he rose at seven in the morning, and with but a slight breakfast at nine, sat at his desk in the library hard at work until five in the afternoon. It was his vacation: the weather was tropical; and he was sixty years old. The renowned Senator at his post was still the solitary midnight student of the college.

But other influences mingled in his education, and helped to mould the man. While his heart burned with the tale of Plutarch's heroes, with the story of ancient states, and the politics of Greece and Rome and modern Europe, he lived in this historic city, and was therefore familiar with many of the most inspiring scenes of our American story. I know not if the people of this neighborhood are always conscious of the hallowed ground upon which they daily tread. We who come hither from other States, pilgrims to the cradle of American independence, are moved by emotions such as we can not elsewhere feel. Here is the "Old South" Meeting-house—and here may it long remain!—where, however changed, still in imagination Sam Adams calls the Sons of Liberty to their duty. There is the old State-house where James Otis, with electric eloquence, brings a continent to its feet. Beneath is the ground where Crispus Attucks fell. Beyond is Faneuil Hall, the plainest and most reverend political temple now standing in the world, and upon the principles which are its inseparable traditions has been founded the most humane republic in history. There is the Old North steeple, on which Paul Revere's lantern lights the land to independence. Below is the water on which the scarlet troops of Percy and of Howe glitter in the June sunshine of ninety-nine years ago; and lo! memorial of a battle lost and a cause won, the tall gray melancholy shaft on Bunker Hill rises—rises "till it meets the sun in his coming, while the earliest light of morning gilds it, and parting day lingers and plays on its summit."

These scenes, as well as his books and college, were the school of Sumner; and as the tall and awkward youth, dreaming of Marathon and Arbela, of Sempach and Morgarten, walked on Bunker Hill, and his eyes wandered over peaceful fields and happy towns to Concord and Lexington, doubt not that the genius of his native land whispered to him that all knowledge and the highest training and the purest purpose were but the necessary equipment of the ambition that would serve in any way a country whose cause in his own day, as in the day of Bunker Hill, was the cause of human nature. Charles Sumner was an educated man, a college-bred man, as all the great revolutionary leaders of Massachusetts were; and he knew, as every intelligent man knows, that from the day when Themistocles led the educated Athenians at Salamis to that when Von Moltke marshaled the educated Germans against France, the sure foundations of states are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance, and that every sneer at education, at cultivation, at book-learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneration and ruin.

Sumner was soon at the Law School the favorite pupil of that accomplished magistrate Judge Story, the right-hand of Marshall, to whom in difficult moments the great Webster turned for law. But the character of his legal studies when, a little later, he was lecturing at the Law School—for he spoke chiefly of constitutional law and the law of nations—showed even then the bent of his feeling, the vague reaching out toward the future, the first faint hints and foreshowings of his own ultimate career. Could it have been revealed to him in that modest lecture-room at Cambridge as he was unfolding to a few students the principles of international law, which in its full glory he believed to be nothing less than the science of the moral relations of states to each other, that one day in the Senate of the United States, and in its chief and most honorable place, he should plead for the practical application of the principles which he cherished, a recognized authority, and himself one of the lawgivers whom he had described as the reformers of nations and the builders of human society, how well might he have seen that culmination of his career as the most secret hope of his heart fulfilled! But again, as he stood there, could he have seen as in a vision that one day also he should stand in that Senatorial arena in deadly conflict with crime against humanity—a conflict that shook the continent and arrested the world—and as a general upon the battle-field marshals all his forces, holding his swift and glittering lines in hand—his squadrons and regiments and artillery, his skirmishers and reserves, massing and dispersing at his supreme will, and at last, snatching all his force, hurls it at the foe in one blasting bolt of fire and victory—so he, in that other and greater field, should gather up all the accumulated resources of his learning, all the training of the law, all the deep instincts and convictions of his conscience, and hurl them in one blazing and resistless mass in the very forefront of that mighty debate that flamed into civil war, melting four millions of chains, and regenerating a nation—could all this have been revealed to him, I doubt if he could have prepared himself for the great part that he was to play with more conscience or more care.

Then to the influences that made the man was added a residence in Europe. He returned a polished cosmopolitan; a learned youth who had sat upon the bench in Westminster Hall, and taught the judges the rulings of their own courts; who had mingled on equal terms in the bouts of lettered wit, no longer at the Mermaid, but at Holland House, and the breakfast-rooms of accomplished scholars in London and Paris and Berlin and Rome. He returned knowing almost every man and woman of renown in Europe, and he brought back what he carried away—a stainless purity of life and loftiness of aim, the habit of incessant work, which was the law of his being, and the tastes of a jurist, but not those of a practicing lawyer. His look, his walk, his dress, his manner, were not those of the busy advocate, but of the cultivated and brilliant man of society—the Admirable Crichton of the saloons. He was oftener seen in the refined circles of the city, in the libraries and dining-rooms of Prescott and Quincy, of Bancroft and Ticknor, than in the courts of law. Distinguished foreigners, constantly arriving, brought him letters, and he took them to the galleries and the college. But while he sauntered, he studied. In his office he was diligently editing great works of law; not practicing at the bar, for, indeed, he was not formed for a jury lawyer, where the jury was less than a nation, or mankind. The electric agility, the consummate tact, the readiness for every resource, the humor that brightens or withers, the command of the opposite point of view, the superficial ardor, the facility of simulation that makes the worse appear the better reason, the passionate gust and sweep of eloquent appeal—these were lacking, and wanting these, he did not seek the laurels of the jury advocate. Sumner's legal mind at this time, and throughout his life, was largely moulded, trained to the contemplation of great principles and to lofty research. As one of his admiring comrades, himself a renowned lawyer, says of him, "In sporting terms, he had a good eye for country, but no scent for a trail." The movement of his mind was grand and comprehensive. He spoke naturally, not in subtle and dextrous pleas, but in stately and measured orations.

When he returned from Europe he was thought to have been too much fascinated by England, and throughout his life it was sometimes said that he was still inthralled by his admiration for that country. But what is more natural to an American than love of England? Does not Hawthorne instinctively call it "Our old Home?" The Pilgrims came to plant a purer England, and their children, the colonists, took up arms to maintain a truer England, but an England still. They became independent, but they did not renounce their race nor their language, and their victory left them the advanced outpost of English political progress and civilization. The principles that we most proudly maintain to-day, those to which Sumner's whole life was devoted, are English traditions. The great muniments of individual liberty in every degree descended to us from our fathers. The Commonwealth, justice as the political cornerstone, the rule of the constitutional majority, the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, freedom of speech and of the press—these are English, and they are ours. I do not agree with the melancholy Fisher Ames that "the immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the English oak;" but the most patriotic American may well remember that individual freedom sometimes seems almost surer and sturdier in England than here, and may wisely repair to drink at those elder fountains. No Englishman in this generation has more influenced the thought of his country than John Stuart Mill, and the truest American will find upon his heroic pages gleams of a fairer and ampler America than ever in vision even Samuel Adams saw. No, no. Plymouth Rock was but a stepping-stone from one continent to another in the great march of the same historic development, and to-day, with electric touch, we grasp the hand of England under the sea that the tumult of the ocean may not toss us further asunder, but throb as the beating of one common heart. Is it strange, then, that the young lawyer whose deepest instinct was love of freedom, and whose youth had been devoted to the study of that noble science whose highest purpose is to defend individual right, after long residence in the land of John Selden, of Coke, of Mansfield, of Blackstone, of Romilly, as well as of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Newton and Jeremy Taylor—a land which had appealed in every way to his heart, his mind, his imagination, whose history had inspired, whose learning had armed him to be a liberator of the oppressed—should always have turned with admiration to the country "where," as her laureate sings—

> "Where freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent?"

Such were the general influences that moulded the young Sumner. But to what a situation in his own country he returned!—a situation neither understood nor suspected by the fastidious and elegant circles which received him. The man never lived who enjoyed more or was more fitted to enjoy the higher delights of human society than Sumner, or who might have seemed to those who scanned his habits and his tastes so little adapted for the heroic part. Could the scope and progress and culmination of the great contest which had already begun have been foreseen and measured, Charles Sumner would probably have been selected as the type of the cultivated and scholarly gentleman who would recoil from the conflict as Sir Thomas Browne shunned the stern tumult of the Great Rebellion.

In speaking of that conflict I shall speak plainly; I hope to speak truly. To turn to Mr. Sumner's public career is to open a chapter of our history written in fire and closed in blood, but which we must be willing to recall if we would justly measure the man. Trained in his own expectation for other ends, framed for friendship, for gentleness, for professional and social ease, and the placid renown of letters, he was suddenly caught up into the stormy cloud, and his life became a strife that filled a generation. But during all that tremendous time, on the one hand enthusiastically trusted, on the other contemptuously scorned and hated, his heart was that of a little child. He said no unworthy word, he did no unmanly deed; dishonor fled his face; and to-day those who so long and so naturally but so wrongfully believed him their enemy strew rosemary for remembrance upon his grave.

Down to the year 1830 the moral agitation against slavery in this country smouldered. But in that year Benjamin Lundy touched with fire the soul of William Lloyd Garrison, and that agitation burst out again irrepressibly. You remember—who can forget?—the passionate onset of the Abolitionists. It was conscience rising in insurrection. They made their great appeal with the ardor of martyrs and the zeal of primitive Christians. Fifth-monarchy men, ranters, Anabaptists, were never more repugnant to their times than they, and they became the prey of the worst and most disorderly passions. The abolition missionaries were mobbed, imprisoned, maimed, murdered, but still, as in the bitter days of Puritan persecution in Scotland the undaunted voices of the Covenanters were heard singing hymns that echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak of the barren mountains until the great dumb wilderness was vocal with praise, so the solemn appeal of the Abolitionists to the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence echoed from solitary heart to heart until the land rang with the litany of liberty. In politics the discussion had been stamped out like a threatening fire upon the prairie whenever it arose. But soon after Mr. Sumner's return from Europe this, too, flamed out afresh in the attempted annexation of Texas. Early in 1845 the plan was consummated. Mr. Sumner was a Whig, but then and always he was above all a man. He was too well versed in the history of freedom not to know that the great victories over despotism and slavery in every form had been won by united action, and he knew that united action implies organization and a party. But while great political results are to be gained by means of great parties, he knew that a party which is too blind to see or too cowardly to acknowledge the real issue, which pursues its ends, however noble, by ignoble means, which tolerates corruption, which trusts unworthy men, which suffers the public service to be prostituted to personal ends, defies reason and conscience, and summons all honest men to oppose it. When conscience goes, all goes; and wherever conscience went, Charles Sumner followed. It took him out of those delightful drawing-rooms and tranquil libraries; it drew him away from old companions and cherished friends; it exposed him to their suspicion, their hostility, their scorn; it forbade him the peaceful future of his dreams and expectations; it placed him at the fiery heart of the fiercest conflict of the century; it hedged his life with insults and threats and plots of assassination; it bared his head to the dreadful blow that struck him senseless to the Senate floor, and sent him a tortured wanderer beyond the sea; later it separated him from the co-operation of colleagues, and severed him from his party; and at last it exposed him, sick in body and in mind, to the blow that wounded his soul, the censure of his beloved Massachusetts. But he did not quail; he did not falter; he showed himself still to be her worthy son. Wherever conscience went, Charles Sumner followed. "God help me!" cried Martin Luther, "I can no other." "God help me!" said Charles Sumner, "I must do my duty."

The Whigs are, or ought to be, he said, in 1845, the party of freedom. But when they refused to recognize the real contest in the country by rejecting in their National Convention of 1848 the Wilmot Proviso, Mr. Sumner went with the other Conscience Whigs to Worcester, and organized the Free-soil party; and when, in the winter of 1850–51, the Legislature of Massachusetts was to elect the successor of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United State, the Free-soil chiefs, as upright, able, and patriotic a body of political leaders as ever Massachusetts had, deliberately selected Mr. Sumner as their candidate—a selection which showed the estimate of the man by those who knew him most intimately, and who most thoroughly understood the times. He was young, strong, learned, variously accomplished, a miracle of industry, zealous, pure, of indomitable courage, and of supreme moral energy. But he had little political ambition, and in 1846 had peremptorily declined to be a candidate for Congress. He was not a member of either of the great parties. He would not make any pledge of any kind, or move his tongue, or wink his eye, to secure success. He was pledged then and always and only to his sense of right. He stood for no partisan end whatever, but simply and solely for uncompromising resistance to slavery. The contest of the election was long; it lasted for three months, and on the 24th of April, 1851, he was elected. "I accept," he said, "as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments uttered by her successive Legislatures, of the genius which inspires her history, and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of liberty which early made her an example to her sister States." How these lofty words lift us out of the grossness of public corruption and incapacity into the air of ideal states and public men! What a stately summons are they to his beloved Massachusetts once more to take the lead, and again to guide her sister States to greater political purity and the ancient standards of public character and service!

The hour in which Mr. Sumner wrote those words, the hour of his entrance upon public life, was the darkest of our history. But if his mind had turned regretfully to that tranquil career of his earlier anticipation, how well might his good genius have whispered to him what the flower of English gentlemen and scholars had written three hundred years before, "To what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result?" Or that other strain, full of the music of a consecrated soul, in which Philip Sidney writes to his father-in-law, Walsingham, "I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly."

What, then, was the political situation when Mr. Sumner entered the Senate? Slavery had apparently subdued the country. Grand Juries in the Northern States presented citizens who in time of peace wished to discuss vital public questions as guilty of sedition. The Legislatures were summoned to make their speeches indictable offenses. In the Legislature of Rhode Island such a bill was reported. The Governor of New York favored such a law. The Governor of Ohio delivered a citizen of that State to the authorities of another to be tried for helping a slave to escape. The Governor of Massachusetts said that all discussion of the subject which tended to incite insurrection had been held to be indictable. Every great national office was then, and long had been, held by the ministers of slavery. The American embassadors in Europe were every where silent, or smoothly apologized. Every committee in Congress was the servant of slavery, and when the Vice-President left his seat in the Senate it was filled by another like himself. All the attendants who stood around him, the door-keepers, messengers, sergeants-at-arms, down to the very pages who noiselessly skimmed the floor, were selected by its agents. Beyond the superb walls of the Capitol, which Senator Benton had long solemnly warned the country was built by permission of that Supreme Power which would seize and occupy it when the time came, the whole vast system of national offices was within the patronage of slavery. Every little post-office, every custom-house clerkship, was a bribe to silence, while the Postmaster-General of the United States robbed the mails at its bidding. When Sumner entered the Senate the most absolute subserviency to slavery was decreed as the test of nationality, and that power did not hesitate to declare that any serious effort, however lawfully made, to change its policy would strike the tocsin of civil war. Meanwhile, at the very moment of his election, the horrors of the Fugitive Slave Law had burst upon thousands of innocent homes. Mothers snatched their children and fled, they knew not whither. Brave men, long safe in recovered liberty, were seized for no crime but misfortune, and hurried to their doom. Young men and girls who had been always free, always residents of their own States, were kidnaped and sold. The anguish, the sublime heroism, of this ghastly persecution fills one of the most tragical and most inspiring epochs of our story. Even those who publicly sustained the law from a sense of duty secretly helped the flying fugitives upon their way. The human heart is stronger than sophistry. The man who impatiently exclaimed that of course the law was hard, but it was the law, and must be obeyed, suddenly felt the quivering, panting fugitive clinging to his knees, guilty of no crime, and begging only the succor which no honest heart would refuse a dog cowering upon his threshold; and as he heard the dread power thundering at the door, "I am the Law, give me my prey!" in the same moment he heard God knocking at his heart, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me!"

Those days are passed. That fearful conflict is over; and the flowers just strewn all through these sorrowing States, indiscriminately upon the graves of the blue and the gray, show how truly it is ended. Heaven knows I speak of it with no willingness, with no bitterness; but how can I show you Charles Sumner if I do not show you the time that made him what he was? This was the political and moral situation of the country when he took the oath as Senator, on the 1st of December, 1851. The famous political triumvirate of the former generation was gone. Mr. Calhoun, the master-will of the three, had died in the previous year. Mr. Webster was Secretary of State; and Henry Clay, with fading eye and bowed frame and trembling voice—Henry Clay, Compromise incarnate—feebly tottered out of the chamber as Charles Sumner, Conscience incarnate, came in. As he took the oath the new triumvirate was complete, for Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase had taken their seats two years before. For some months Mr. Sumner did not speak upon the great topic, and many of his friends at home thought him keeping silence too long, half fearing that he too had been enchanted by the woful Circe of the South. They did not know how carefully slavery prevented him from finding an opportunity. A month before he could get the floor for his purpose, Theodore Parker said, in a public speech, "I wish he had spoken long ago......But it is for him to decide, not for us. 'A fool's bolt is soon shot,' while a wise man often reserves his fire." At length, on the 26th of August, 1852, after many efforts to be heard, Mr. Sumner obtained the floor, saying as he arose, "The subject is at last broadly before the Senate, and by the blessing of God it shall be discussed."

This first great speech upon the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law was the most significant event in the Senate since Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne, and an epitome of Mr. Sumner's whole public career. It was one of the words that are events, and from which historical epochs take their departure. These are strong words. See if they are justified. The slavery debate was certainly the most momentous that had ever occurred in the country, and brave words had been already uttered for freedom. The subtle and sanguine and sagacious Seward had spoken often and wisely. The passionless Chase, with massive and Websterian logic, had pressed his solid reasoning home; and the gay humor of Hale had irradiated his earnest and strenuous appeals. But all of these men were known to their colleagues as members of parties, as politicians, as men of political ambition. With such elements and men slavery was accustomed to deal. Carefully studying the Senator from New York, it saw, with the utmost purity of character, trained ability, acute political instinct, and partisan habit, the intellectual optimist who grasped the situation with his brain rather than with his heart and conscience. It tested him by its own terrible earnestness. It weighed him in the balance of its own unquailing and uncompromising resolution, and found him wanting. Do not misunderstand me. Mr. Seward was the only political leader for whom I have ever felt the admiring loyalty which older men felt for Webster and Calhoun and Clay. His career has been nobly set forth by your own distinguished citizen, Mr. Adams, in his discourse before the Legislature of New York. And as he went to Albany to say what he believed to be the truth, so have I come hither. Slavery knew Mr. Seward to be accustomed to political considerations, to party necessities, to the claims of compromise. It knew the scope of his political philosophy, the brightness of his hope of American glory under the Union, the steady certainty of his trust that all would be well. Even if, like Webster and Calhoun and Clay, he saw the gathering storm, he thought—and he did not conceal his thought—that he had the confidence of his opponents, and could avert or control the tempest. Slavery knew that he could not. If he proudly declared the higher law, slavery knew that he did it, as Plato announced the Golden Rule, as a thinker, not as an actor; as a philosopher, not as the founder of a religion ready to be sealed with fire and blood. But this was the very spirit of slavery, and it did not see it to be his.

In the midst of a speech which logically cut the ground from beneath the slave interest, and calmly foretold the blessing of the emancipation that was unavoidable, Mr. Seward would sometimes turn and hold out his fingers for a pinch of snuff toward some Southern Senator, who, turning away his face, offered him the box. When the Senate adjourned, Mr. Seward would perhaps join the same colleague to stroll home along the Avenue as if they had been country lawyers coming from a court where they had been arguing a dry point of law. It showed how imperfectly he felt or how inadequately he measured the sullen intensity and relentless purpose of the spirit which dominated our politics, and would pause at nothing in its course. In a word, that spirit was essentially revolutionary, and Mr. Seward had not a revolutionary fibre in his being. Long afterward, when the movement of secession had begun, as he walked with a fellow-Senator to the Capitol on the morning of Washington's birthday, he saw on all sides the national flags fluttering in the sun, and exclaimed to his companion, with triumphant incredulity, "Look there! see those flags! and yet they talk of disunion!"

Up to the moment of Mr. Sumner's appearance in the Senate Mr. Seward had been the foremost antislavery leader in public life. But slavery, carefully studying him, believed, as I think, that he would compromise. That was the test. If he would compromise, he might annoy, but he was not to be feared. If he would compromise, he might melodiously sing the glory of the Union at his pleasure. If he would compromise, he would yield. If he were not as invincibly resolute as slavery, he was already conquered; and he was the leader of the North. There sat Seward in the Senate—yes, and there Webster had sat, there Clay had sat, with all their great and memorable service; there in its presiding chair Millard Fillmore had sat; and over them all slavery had stalked straight on in its remorseless imperial career. And if, as Mr. Seward's most able eulogist mournfully remarks, he was permitted at last to leave public life "with fewer marks of recognition of his brilliant career than he would have had if he had been the most insignificant of our Presidents," may it not be that, without questioning his generous character, his lofty ability, and his illustrious service, there was a general feeling that in the last administration under which he served he had seemed in some degree to justify the instinct of slavery, that his will was not as sternly inexorable as its own?

I do not, of course, forget that compromise makes government possible, and that the Union was based upon it. "All government," says Burke, "is founded upon compromise and barter......But," he adds, "in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." So Sir James Mackintosh said of Lord Somers, whom he described as the perfect model of a wise statesman in a free community, that "to be useful he submitted to compromise with the evil that he could not extirpate." But it is the instinct of the highest statesmanship to know when the jewel of which Burke speaks is demanded, and to resolve that at any cost it shall not be sold. John Pym had it when he carried up to the Lords the impeachment of Strafford. John Adams had it when he lifted the Continental Congress in his arms and hurled it over the irrevocable line of independence. Charles Sumner had it when, at the close of his first great speech in the Senate, he exclaimed, in the face of slavery in its highest seat, "By the Constitution which I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this act." Until that moment slavery had not seen in public life the man whom it truly feared. But now, amazed, incredulous, appalled, it felt that it had met its master. Here was a spirit as resolute and haughty as its own, with resources infinitely richer. Here at last was the North, the American conscience, the American will—the heir of the traditions of English Magna Charta, and, far beyond them, of the old Swiss cantons high on the heaven-kissing Alps—the spirit that would not wince, nor compromise, nor bend, but which, like a cliff of adamant, said to the furious sea, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Ten years afterward, when States were seceding and preparing to secede—when the reluctant mind of the North began to see that war was possible—when even many of Mr. Sumner's and Mr. Seward's party friends trembled in dismay, Mr. Seward ended his last speech in the Senate, a guarded plea for the Union, by concessions which amazed many of his most earnest friends. I know that he thought it the part of a wise statesmanship that he who was to be the head of the new administration should retain if possible the support of the opposition of the North by shunning every thing like menace, and by speaking in the most temperate and conciliatory tone. But his mournful concluding words, "I learned early from Jefferson that in political affairs we can not always do what seems to us absolutely best," sounded at that time and under those circumstances like a mortal cry of defeat and surrender. And at the very time that Mr. Seward was speaking those words, Mr. Sumner was one evening surprised by a visit in Washington from a large number of the most conspicuous citizens of Boston, all of whom had been among his strongest and most positive political opponents. He welcomed them gravely, seeing that their purpose was very serious, and after a few moments the most distinguished member of the party made an impassioned appeal to the Senator. "You know us all," he said, "as fellow-citizens of yours who have always and most strongly regretted and opposed your political course. But at this awful moment, when the country hangs upon the edge of civil war—and what civil war means you know—we believe that there is one man only who can avert the threatening calamity, one man whom the North really trusts, and by whose counsels it will be guided. We believe that you are that man. The North will listen to you and to no other, and we are here in the name of humanity and civilization to implore you to save your country." The speaker was greatly affected, and after a moment Mr. Sumner said: "Sir, I am surprised that you attribute to me such influence. I will, however, assume it. Be it so. What, then, is it that you would have me do?" "We implore you, Mr. Sumner, as you love your country and your God, to vote for the Crittenden compromise." "Sir," said Charles Sumner, rising to his lofty height, and never more Charles Sumner than in that moment, "if what you say is indeed true, and if at this moment the North trusts me, as you think, beyond all others, it is because the North knows that under no circumstances whatever would I compromise."

It was precisely because slavery recognized this when he made his first important speech, and felt for the first time the immense force behind his words, that I call that speech so significant an event. I do not claim for Sumner deeper convictions or a sterner will than those of many of his associates. But the Abolitionists, however devoted and eloquent, were only private citizens and agitators who abjured political methods. They seemed to the supreme influence in the government a band of pestilent fanatics. But Charles Sumner in the Senate, Charles Sumner in the seat of Daniel Webster, saying that the Constitution forbade him to obey the Fugitive Slave Law, was not an individual; he was a representative man. No meeting of enthusiastic men and women in a school-house had sent him to the Senate, but the Legislature of a State. Nor that alone, for that Legislature had not sent him as the representative of a party, but of an idea—an idea which had been powerful enough to hold its friends close together through a contest of three months, and at last defeating the influences which had so long controlled unquestioned the politics of the State, had lifted into the Senate a man pledged only to cry *Delenda est Carthago*, and who, by the law of his mental and moral structure, could no more compromise the principle at stake than he could tell a lie. Still further, slavery heard the young Senator proudly assert that the Constitution did not recognize slavery, except in the slave-trade clause, whose force was long since spent; that the clause upon which the Fugitive Law was grounded was a mere compact conferring no power, and that every detail of the process provided was flagrantly and palpably unconstitutional. Slavery, he insisted, was sectional, liberty was national; and throwing this popular cry to the country, he irradiated his position with so splendid an illumination of illustration, precedent, argument, appeal, that it shone all over the land. How like a sunrise it strengthened and stimulated and inspired the North! It furnished the quiver of a thousand orators and newspapers, and was an exhaustless treasury of resources for the debate. Above all, it satisfied men bred in reverence of law that their duty as citizens was coincident with the dictates of their consciences, and that the Constitution justified them in withstanding the statute which their souls loathed.

This was the very service that the country needed at that time; and that no dramatic effect should be wanting, as Henry Clay had left the Senate for the last time on the day that Mr. Sumner was sworn in, so, as he was making his first great plea for justice under the Constitution, his predecessor, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, came into the Chamber, and also for the last time. I know no more impressive scene. There is the old Senator, then the chief figure in America, who, a year before, on the 7th of March, had made his last speech supporting the policy of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and against the Wilmot Proviso. Worn, wasted, sad, with powers so great and public service so renowned, the Olympian man who had sought so long, so ably, so vainly, to placate the implacable, his seventy years ending in baffled hopes and bitter disappointment and a broken heart, gazed with those eyes of depthless melancholy upon his successor. And here stands that successor, with the light of spotless youth upon his face, towering, dauntless, radiant; the indomitable Puritan, speaking as a lawyer, a statesman, and a man, not for his State alone, nor for his country only, but for human rights every where and always, forecasting the future, heralding the new America. As Webster looked and listened, did he recall the words of that younger man seven years before in Faneuil Hall, when he prayed the party that Webster led to declare for emancipation? Did he remember the impassioned appeal to himself, that as he had justly earned the title of Defender of the Constitution, so now he should devote his marvelous powers to the overthrow of slavery, and thereby win a nobler name? Alas! it was demanding dawn of the sunset! It was beseeching yesterday to return to-morrow. It was imploring Daniel Webster to be Charles Sumner. No, fellow-citizens, in that appeal Sumner forecast his own glory. "Assume, then," cried he, "these unperformed duties. The aged shall bear witness to you; the young shall kindle with rapture as they repeat the name of Webster; the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children and their children's children to the latest generation to call you blessed, and you shall have yet another title, never to be forgotten on earth or in heaven, Defender of Humanity."

I dwell upon this first great speech of Mr. Sumner's in the Senate, because it illustrates his own public qualities and character, his aims and his methods. He began to take an official part in affairs when all questions were determined by a single interest, a single policy, and all issues grew out of that. His nature was so transparent and simple, and the character of his relation to his time so evident, that there is but one story to tell. All his greater speeches upon domestic topics after that of August, 1852, were but amplifications of the theme. The power that he had defied did not relax, but redoubled its efforts to subdue the country to its will, and every new attempt found Sumner with more practiced powers, with more comprehensive resources, ready and eager for the battle. For the whole of his active career, before, during, and after the war, his work was substantially the same. He was essentially an orator and a moral reformer, and with unsurpassed earnestness of appeal, emphasized from first to last by the incalculable weight of his commanding character, his work was to rouse and kindle and inspire the public opinion of the country to his own uncompromising hostility to slavery. In this crusade he traversed the land, as it were, by his speeches, a new Peter the Hermit, and by his sincerity, his unconquerable zeal, his affluent learning, making history and literature and art tributary to his purpose, he entered the houses and hearts and minds of the people of the Northern States, and fanned the flame of a holy hatred of the intolerable and audacious wrong. It was indispensable to this work that he should not be able to admit any qualification of its absorbing necessity or any abatement of the urgency with which it must be pursued. Once in later days, when I argued with him that opponents might be sincere, and that there was some reason on the other side, he thundered in reply, "Upon such a question there *is* no other side!" The time required such a leader—a man who did not believe that there was another side to the question, who would treat difference of opinion almost as moral delinquency; and the hour found the man in Sumner.

For see what the leadership of opinion in this country then demanded. In the first place, and for the reasons I have mentioned—the instinct, traditions, and habits of the dominant race in our civilization—such a leader must be a man who showed that the great principles of liberty, but of liberty under law, of what we call regulated liberty, were on his side; whose familiarity with the Constitution and with constitutional interpretation, and whose standing among lawyers who dealt with the comprehensive spirit and purpose of the law, was recognized and commanding, so that, instructed by him, the farmer in the field, the mechanic in the shop, the traveler by the way—all law-loving Americans every where, could maintain the contest with their neighbors point by point upon the letter of the Constitution, and show, or think they showed, that the supreme law in its intention, in the purpose of its authors, by the unquestionable witness of the time, demanded an interpretation and a statute in favor of liberty. Then, in the second place, this leader must be identified with a political party, for the same instinct which seeks the law and leans upon precedent acts through the organization of parties. The Free-soil sentiment that sent Sumner to the Senate was the real creative force in our politics at that time. It had a distinct organization in several States. It had nominated Presidential candidates at Buffalo; and although the Whig and Democratic were still the great parties, the Free-soil principle was necessarily the nucleus around which a new and truly national party must presently gather. In 1852 the common enemy silenced the Whig party, which almost instantly dissolved as a powerful element in politics, and the Republican party arose. No man had done more to form the opinion and deepen the conviction from which it sprang than Sumner; no man accepted its aid with more alacrity, or saw more clearly its immense opportunity. As early as September, 1854, he declared in the State Convention of his political friends, "As Republicans we go forth to encounter the oligarchs of slavery;" and eighteen years afterward, in warning the party against what he thought to be a fatal course, he said that he had been one of the straitest of the sect, who had never failed to sustain its candidates or to advance its principles. He was indeed one of its fathers. No citizen who has acted with that party will question the greatness of his service to it; no citizen who opposed that party will deny it. The personal assault upon him in the Senate, following his prodigious defense of the Republican position and policy, and soon

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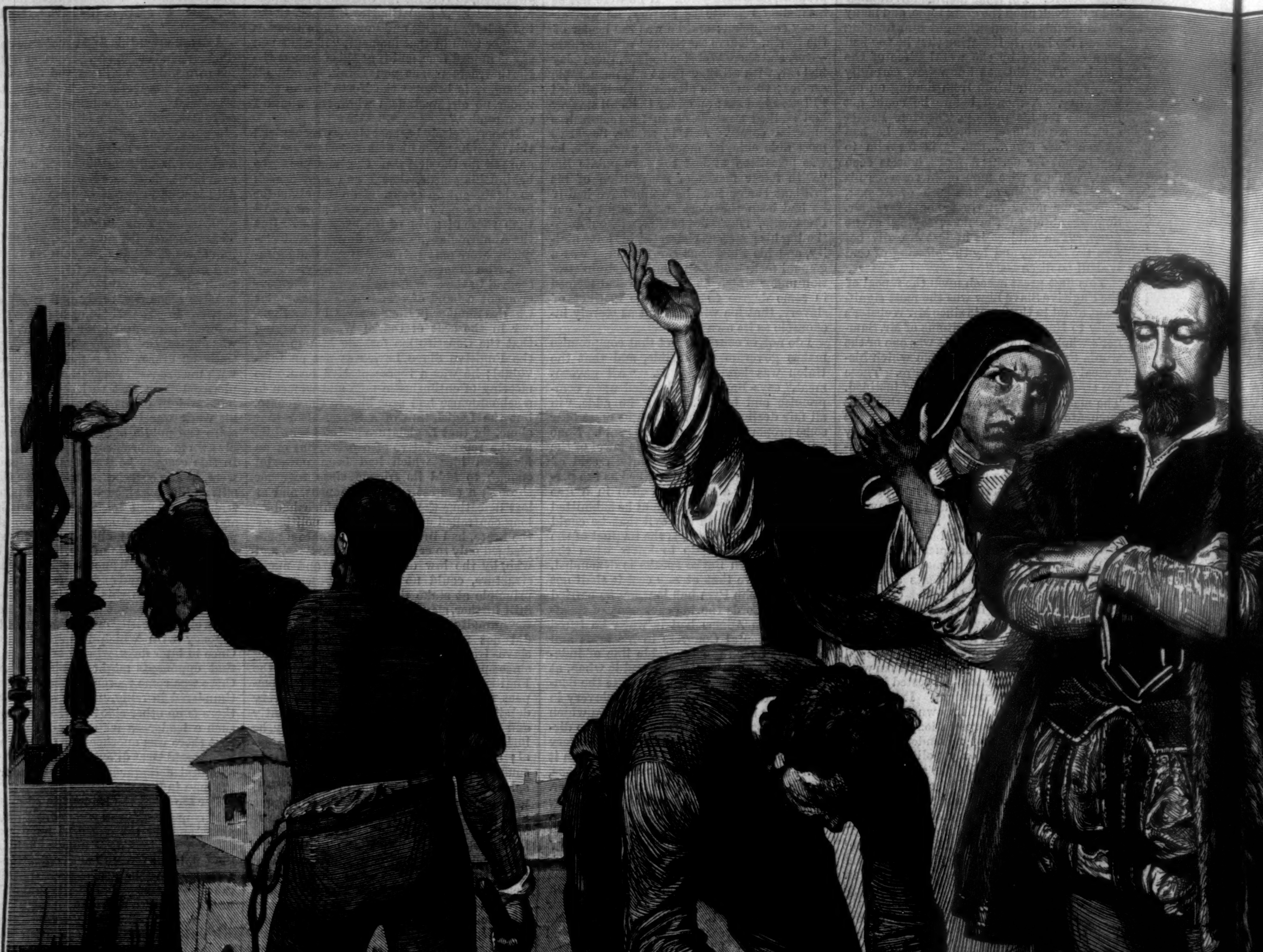
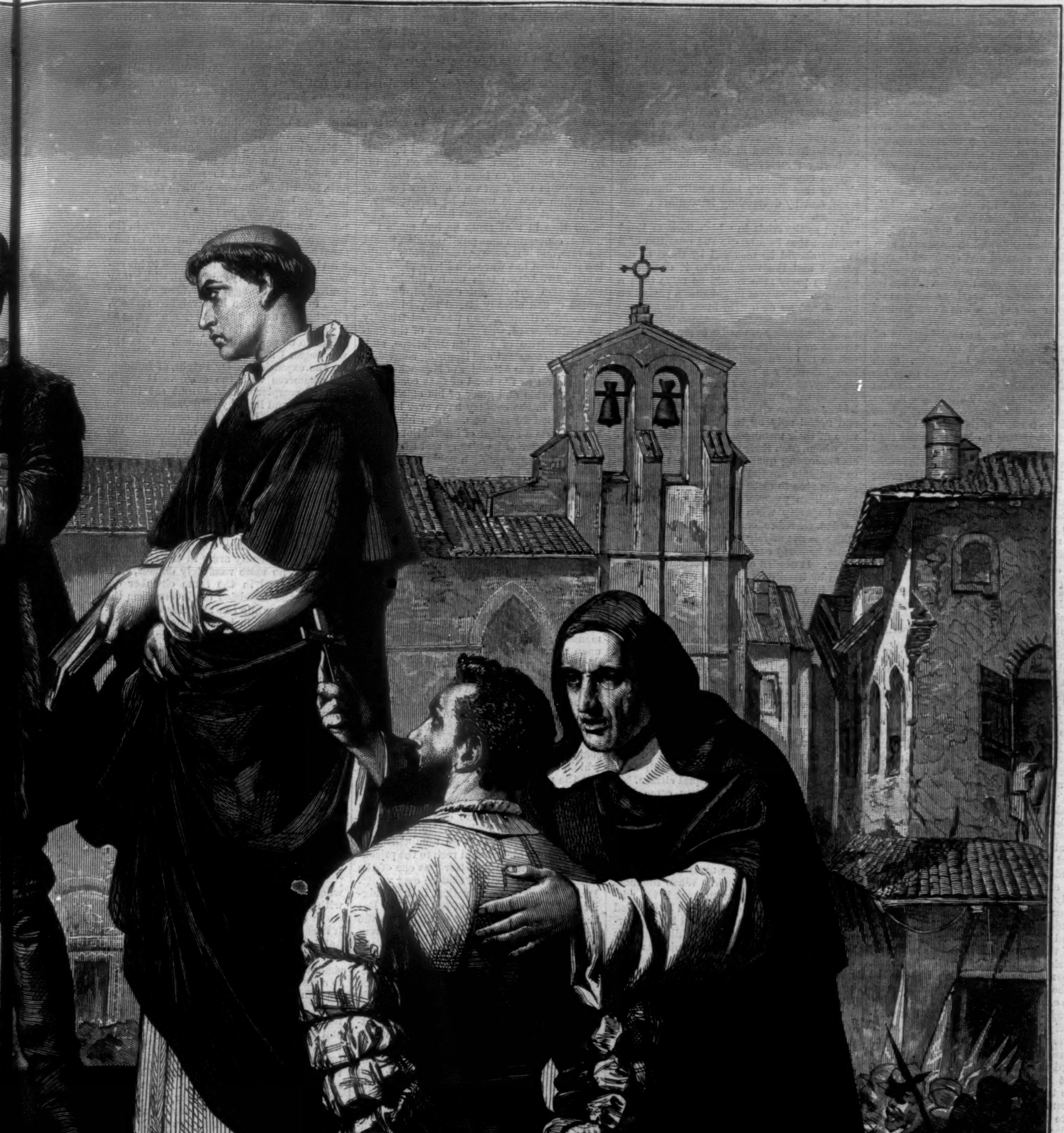


“LOS COMUNEROS EN EL SUPLICIO”—EXECUTION OF SPANISH PATRIOTS IN T REI



REIGN OF CHARLES V.—Engraved from a Painting by A. Gisbert.—[See Page 531.]

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after the first national nominations of the party, made him throughout the inspiring summer of 1856, to the imagination of the twelve hundred thousand men who voted for its candidates, the very type and illustration of their hope and purpose. Nothing less than such humanity in the national policy and such lofty character in public life as were expressed by the name of Charles Sumner was the aim of the great political awakening of that time. The rank and file of the party, to borrow a military phrase, dressed upon Sumner; and long afterward, when party differences had arisen, I am sure that I spoke for the great body of his political associates when I said to one who indignantly regretted his course, that while at that time and under those circumstances we could not approve his judgment, yet there were thousands and thousands of men who would be startled and confused to find themselves marching in a political campaign out of step with Charles Sumner. Thus he satisfied the second imperative condition of leadership of which I speak as a conspicuous and decided party chief.

But there were certain modifications of these conditions essential to the position, and these also were found in Sumner. Such was the felicity of his career that even his defects of constitution served to equip him more fully for his task. Thus, while it was indispensable under the circumstances that he should be a constitutional and international lawyer, it was no less essential that his mind should deal more with principles than with details, and with the spirit rather than the letter. He saw so clearly the great end to be achieved that he seemed sometimes almost to assume the means. Like an Alpine guide leading his company of travelers toward the pure and awful heights, with his eye fixed upon their celestial beauty, and his soul breathing an

"Ampler ether, a diviner air,"

he moved straight on, disdaining obstacles that would have perplexed a guide less absolutely absorbed, and who by moments of doubt and hesitation would have imperiled every thing.

Thus his legal mind, in the pursuit of a moral end, had sometimes what I may call a happy lack of logic. Sure of his end, and that every thing ought to make for it, he felt that every thing did make for it. For instance, his first great public oration, upon the "True Grandeur of Nations," was a most powerful presentation of the glory and beauty of peace, and a mighty denunciation of the horrors and wrongs of war. It was an intrepid and impressive discourse, and its influence will be deep and lasting. But it overstated its own case. It exposed the citizen soldier not only to ridicule, but to moral aversion. And yet the young men who sat in martial array before the orator had not submitted to military discipline merely for the splendor of a parade, but that in the solemn and exigent hour they might the more effectively defend the public safety and private honor, the school and the hospital, and social order itself, the only guarantee of peace, and all this not at the arbitrary command of their own will, but by the lawful and considered word of the civil power. What is military force which he derided but, in the last resort, the law which he revered, in execution? As a friend asked him, are the judgments of Story and of Shaw advice merely? Do they not, if need be, command every bayonet in the State? Is force wrong, and must the policeman not only be prohibited from carrying a pistol or a club, but must he be forbidden to lay his hand upon the thief in the act to compel him to the station? The young citizen soldiers who sat before the orator were simply the ultimate police. To decry to them with resounding and affluent power the practice which covered war with a false lustre was a noble service, but to do it in a way that would forbid the just and lawful punishment of a murderer disclosed a defective logic. Thus Sumner sometimes used arguments that were two-edged swords, apt to wound the wielder as well as the enemy. And so he sometimes adopted propositions of constitutional or international law which led straight to his moral end, but which would hardly have endured the legal microscope. Yet he maintained them with such fervor of conviction, such an array of precedent, such amplitude of illustration, that to the great popular mind, morally exalted like his own, his statements had the majesty and the conclusiveness of demonstrations.

And this, again, was what the time needed. The debate was essentially, although under the forms of law, revolutionary. It aimed at the displacement not only of an administration, but of a theory of the government and of traditional usage that did not mean to yield without a struggle. It required, therefore, not the judicially logical mind, nor the fine touch of casuistry that splits and halts and defers until the cause is lost, but the mind so absolutely alive with the idea and fixed upon the end that it compels the means. John Pym was resolved that Strafford should be impeached, and he found the law for it. Charles Sumner was resolved that slavery should fall, and he found the Constitution for it. When the great debate ended, and there was the moment of dread silence before the outburst of civil war, the legal casuistry which had found the terrors of the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional could see no power in the Constitution to coerce States, Charles Sumner, who had found in the Constitution no authority for slave-hunting, answered the furious cannonade at Fort Sumter by declaring that slavery had legally destroyed itself, and by demanding immediate emancipation.

And as the crisis in which Sumner lived required that in a leader the qualities of a lawyer should be modified by those of the patriot and the moralist, so it demanded that the party man should be more than a partisan. He never forgot that a party is a means, not an end. He knew the joy and the power of association—no man better. He knew the history of parties every where—in Greece and Rome, in England and France, and in our own earlier day; and he knew how insensibly a party comes to resemble an army, and an army to stand for the country and cause which it has defended. But he knew above all that parties are kept pure and useful only by the resolute independence of their members, and that those leaders whom, from their lofty principle and uncompromising qualities, parties do not care to nominate are the very leaders who make parties able to elect their candidates. The Republican party was organized to withstand slavery when slavery dared all. It needed, therefore, one great leader at least who was not merely a partisan, who did not work for party ends, but for the ends of the party. It needed a man absorbed and mastered by hostility to slavery; a man of one idea, like Columbus, with his whole soul trembling ever to the west, wearying courts and kings and councils with his single incessant and importunate plea, until he sailed over the horizon, and gave a New World to the Old; a man of one idea, like Luther, pleading his private conscience against the ancient hierarchy, and giving both worlds religious liberty. Yes, a man of one idea. This was what the time demanded in public and party life, and this it found in Charles Sumner; not an antislavery man only, but a man in whose soul for thirty years the sigh of the slave never ceased, and whose dying words were a prayer to save the bill that made that slave wholly an equal citizen.

When the Republican party came into power it was forced to conduct a war in which the very same qualities were demanded. The public mind needed constantly to be roused and sustained by the trumpet note of an ever higher endeavor, and from no leader did it hear that tone more steadily and clearly than from Sumner. When the most radical, which in such a moment is the wisest, policy came to be discussed in detailed measures, he had already robbed it of its terrors by making it familiar. While Congress declared by a vote almost unanimous that emancipation was not a purpose or an element of the war, Sumner proclaimed to the country that slavery was perpetual war, and that emancipation only was peace. Like Nelson in the battle of the Baltic—when the admiral signaled to stop fighting he put the glass to his blind eye and shouted, "I don't see the admiral's signal; nail my own colors to the mast for closer battle!" As before the war, so while it raged, he felt the imperial necessity of the conclusion so strongly that he made all arguments serve, and forced all facts into line. He was alive with the truth that Dryden nobly expresses: "I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general." Mr. Lincoln, who was a natural diplomatist, fortunately understood Mr. Sumner. The President knew as well as the Senator that the war sprang from slavery. He had already said that the house of the Union divided against itself could not stand. He knew as well as Sumner that slavery must be smitten. But he knew also that in his position he could not smite until public opinion lifted his arm. To stimulate that opinion, therefore, was the most precious service to the President, to the country, and the world. Thus it was not the appeal to Lincoln, it was the appeal to public opinion that was demanded. It was not Sumner's direct but his reflected light that was so useful. And when the President at last raised his arm—for he pulled no unripe fruit, and he did nothing until he thought the time had fully come—he knew that the country was ready, and that no man more than Sumner had made it so. When the Assistant Secretary of State carried the engrossed copy of the Emancipation Proclamation to Mr. Lincoln to sign, he had been shaking hands all the morning, so that his writing was unsteady. He looked at it for a moment with his sadly humorous smile, and then said, "When people see that shaky signature they will say, 'See how uncertain he was.' But I was never surer of any thing in my life."

But while Sumner righteously stimulated public opinion during the war, not less on one memorable occasion did he righteously moderate it. I once ventured to ask Mr. Seward what in his judgment was the darkest hour of the war. He answered instantly, "The time that elapsed between my informally sending to Lord Lyons a draft of my reply in the *Trent* case and my hearing from him that it would be satisfactory." He thought it the darkest hour, because he knew that in that reply he had made the utmost concession that public opinion would tolerate, and if it were not satisfactory, nothing remained but war with England—a war which, Mr. Adams tells us, he thinks that the British government expected, and for which it had already issued naval instructions. Mr. Sumner, who was most friendly with Mr. Seward, was chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, and, next to his constant and inspiring consciousness that he was a Senator of Massachusetts, his position as the head of that committee was the pride and glory of his official life. Few men in the country have ever been so amply fitted for it as he. From his youth he had been a student of international law. He was master of its history and literature. It was his hope—surely a noble ambition—to contribute to it something that might still further humanize the comity of nations. He was familiar with the current politics of the world, and he personally knew most of the distinguished foreign statesmen of his time. Above all, he brought to his chair the lofty conviction expressed by another master of international law, that "the same rules of morality which hold together men in families, and which form families into commonwealths, also link together those commonwealths as members of the great society of mankind." He was very proud of that chairmanship; and when, in the spring of 1871, upon the annual renewal of the committees of the Senate, his Republican colleagues decided not to restore him to his chair, he felt degraded and humiliated before the country and foreign powers. He had held it for ten years. His party was still in the ascendant. His qualifications were undeniable. And he felt that the refusal to restore him implied some deep distrust or dissatisfaction, for which, whatever good reasons existed, none but the pleasure of the Senate has yet been given to the country.

While he was still chairman, and at a critical moment, the seizure of the *Trent* was hailed with frantic applause. Nothing seemed less likely than that an administration could stand which should restore the prisoners, and Mr. Seward's letter was one of the ablest and most skillful that he ever wrote. Mr. Adams says frankly that in his judgment it saved the unity of the nation. But the impressive fact of the moment was the acquiescence of the country in the surrender, and that in great degree was due to the conclusive demonstration made by Mr. Sumner that fidelity to our own principles required the surrender. It was precisely one of the occasions when his value as a public man was plainly evident. From the crowded diplomatic gallery in the Senate attentive Europe looked and listened. His words were weighed one by one by men whom sympathy with his cause did not seduce, nor a too susceptible imagination betray, and who acknowledged when he ended not only that the nation had escaped war, and that the action of the administration had been vindicated, but that the renown of the country had been raised by the clear and luminous statement of its humane and peaceful traditions of neutrality. "Until to-day," said one of the most accomplished of those diplomatists, "I have considered Mr. Sumner a doctrinaire; henceforth I recognize him as a statesman." He had silenced England by her historic self. He had justified America by her own honorable precedent. The country knew that he spoke from the fullest knowledge, and with the loftiest American and humane purpose, and his service in promoting national acquiescence in the surrender of the captives was as characteristic as in nerving the public mind to demand emancipation.

But while Mr. Sumner's public career was chiefly a relentless warfare with slavery, it was only because slavery was the present and palpable form of that injustice with which his nature was at war. The spring of his public life was that overpowering love of peace and justice and equality which spoke equally in his early Prison Discipline debates; in the Fourth of July oration in Boston; in his literary addresses; in the powerful antislavery speeches in the Senate; in his advocacy of emancipation as the true policy of the war, and of equal civil and political rights as the guarantee of its results; in his Senatorial efforts to establish arbitration; in his condemnation of privateering, prize-money, and letters of marque; in his arraignment of Great Britain for a policy which favored slavery; in his unflinching persistence for the Civil Rights Bill; in his last great protest against the annexation of San Domingo, and his denunciation of what he thought a cruel and un-American hostility to the republic of Hayti. He was a born warrior with public injustice.

Many public men permit their hostility to a wrong to be modified in its expression by personal feeling, and to reflect that good men, from the influence of birth and training, may sometimes support a wrong system. But Sumner saw in his opponents not persons, but a cause, and, like Socrates, in the battle he smote to the death, but with no personal hostility. In turn he was so identified with his own cause that he seemed to his opponents to be the very spirit with which they contended, visible, aggressive, arrogant. His tone in debate when he arraigned slavery, although he arraigned slavery alone, was so unsparing that all its supporters felt themselves to be personally insulted. After the war began I heard his speech in the Senate for the expulsion of Mr. Bright, of Indiana, for commerce with the enemy. It was a lash of scorpions. Mr. Bright sat in his place pale and livid by turns, and gazing at Mr. Sumner as if he could scarce restrain himself from springing at his throat. Yet when the orator shook his lifted finger at his colleague, and hurled at him his scathing sentences, it was not the man that he saw before him: he saw only the rebellion, only slavery in arms, with Catilinian audacity proudly thrusting itself into the Capitol, and daring to sit in the very Senate-chamber. But Mr. Sumner's attitude and tone that day, with a vast majority at his side, with a friendly army in the city, were no bolder, no more resolutely defiant, than when he stood in the same chamber demanding the expulsion of slavery from the statute-book, while the majority of his colleagues would fain have silenced him, and the city was a camp of his enemies.

It was often said that it was impossible he should know the peril of his position. It was not that. He did know it. But he saw and feared a greater peril—that of not doing his duty. He often stood practically alone among responsible public men. The spirit which begged Abraham Lincoln to strike out of his Springfield speech in 1858 the words "a house divided against itself can not stand," a request which Mr. Lincoln said that he would carefully consider, and having considered, spoke the words, and went straight on to the Presidency and a glorious renown—this spirit censured Sumner's fanaticism, his devotion to one idea; derided his rhetoric, his false taste, his want of logic; ridiculed his want of tact, his ignorance of men, his visionary views, his impracticability. Indeed, there were times when it almost seemed that friends joined with foes to shear Samson's flowing hair while Samson was smiting the Philistines. If friends remonstrated, he replied, "I am a public servant. I am a sentinel of my country. I must cry 'halt,' though it be only a shadow that passes, and not bring my piece to a rest until I know who goes there." It was an ideal vigilance, an ideal sense of duty. I grant it. He was an ideal character. He loved duty more than friendship, and he had that supreme quality of manhood, the power to go alone. I am not anxious to call him a statesman, but he seems to have measured more accurately than others the real forces of his time. Miss Martineau, in the remarkable paper published at the beginning of the war, says that every public man in the country with whom she talked agreed that silence upon slavery was the sole condition of preserving the Union. Sumner was the man who saw that silence would make the Union only the stately tomb of liberty; and that speech, constant, unsparing, unshrinking—speech ringing over a cowering land like an alarm-bell at midnight—was the only salvation of the Union as the home of freedom.

If now for a moment we turn to survey that public career, extending over the thirty stormiest years of our history, the one clear, conspicuous fact that appears in it, after the single devotion to one end, is that Mr. Sumner lived to see that end accomplished. He began by urging the Whig party to raise the antislavery standard. It refused. He left the party, and presently it perished. He entered the Senate denouncing slavery in a manner that roused and strengthened the public mind for the contest that soon began. With the first gun of the war he demanded emancipation as the way of victory; and when victory with emancipation came, he advocated equal suffrage as the security of liberty. What public man has seen more glorious fulfillments of his aims and efforts? He did not, indeed, originate the laws that enacted the results, but he developed the spirit and the conviction that made the results possible. William the Third won few battles, but he gained his cause; Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration, but John Adams is the hero of American independence. Sumner was more a moral reformer than a statesman, and to a surprising degree events were his allies. But no man of our first great period, not Otis or Patrick Henry, nor Jefferson or Adams, nor Hamilton or Jay, is surer of his place than in the second great period Charles Sumner is sure of his.

As his career drew to an end, events occurred without which his life would not have been wholly complete, and the most signal illustration of the power of personal character in politics would have been lost. He was, as I have said, a party man. Although always in advance, and by his genius a moral leader, he had yet always worked with and by his party. But as the main objects of his political activity were virtually accomplished, he came to believe that his party, reckless in absolute triumph, was ceasing to represent that high and generous patriotism to which his life was consecrated, that its moral tone was sensibly declining, that it defended policies hostile to public faith and human rights, trusting leaders who should not be trusted, and tolerating practices that honest men should spurn. Believing that his party was forfeiting the confidence of the country, he reasoned with it and appealed to it, as more than twenty years before he had reasoned with the Whig party in Faneuil Hall. His hope was by his speeches on the San Domingo treaty and the French arms and the Presidential nomination to shake what he thought to be the fatal apathy of the party, and to stimulate it once more to resume its leadership of the conscience and the patriotism of the country. It was my fortune to see him constantly and intimately during those days, to know the persuasions and flatteries lavished upon him to induce him to declare openly against the party, and his resolution not to leave it until he had exhausted every argument and prayer, and conscience forbade him to remain. That summons came, in his judgment, when a nomination was made which seemed to him the conclusive proof of a fatal party infatuation. "Any thing else," he said to me, vehemently, a hundred times —"any other candidacy I can support, and it would save the party and the country." The nomination was made. He did not hesitate. He was sixty years old; smitten with sorrows that were not known; suffering at times acute agony from the disease of which he died; his heart heavy with the fierce strife of a generation, and longing for repose. But the familiar challenge of duty found him alert and watchful at his post, and he advanced without a doubt or a fear to what was undoubtedly the greatest trial of his life.

The antislavery contest, indeed, had closed many a door and many a heart against him; it had exposed him to the sneer, the hate, the ridicule, of opposition; it had threatened his life and assailed his person. But the great issue was clearly drawn; his whole being was stirred to its depths; he was in the bloom of youth, the pride of strength; history and reason, the human heart and the human conscience, were his immortal allies, and around him were the vast, increasing hosts of liberty; the men whose counsels he approved; the friends of his heart; the multitude that thought him only too eager for unquestionable right; the prayer of free men and women sustaining, inspiring, blessing him. But here was another scene, a far fiercer trial. His old companions in the Free-soil days, the great abolition leaders, most of his warmest personal friends, the great body of the party whom his words had inspired, looked at him with sorrowful surprise. Ah! no one who did not know that proud and tender heart, trusting, simple, almost credulous as that of a boy, could know how sore the trial was. He stood, among his oldest friends, virtually alone; with inexpressible pain they parted, each to his own duty. "Are you willing," I said to him one day, when he had passionately implored me to agree with him—and I should have been unworthy his friendship had I been silent—"is Charles Sumner willing at this time, and in the circumstances of to-day, to intrust the colored race in this country, with all their rights, their liberty newly won and yet flexile and nascent, to a party, however fair its profession, which comprises all who have hated and despised the negro? The slave of yesterday in Alabama, in Carolina, in Mississippi, will his heart leap with joy or droop dismayed when he knows that Charles Sumner has given his great name as a club to smite the party that gave him and his children their liberty?" The tears started to his eyes, that good gray head bowed down, but he answered, sadly, "I must do my duty." And he did it. He saw the proud, triumphant party that he had led so often, men and women whom his heart loved, the trusted friends of a life, the sympathy and confidence and admiration upon which, on his great days and after his resounding words, he had been joyfully accustomed to lean—he saw all these depart, and he turned to go alone and do his duty.

Yet, great as was his sorrow, still greater, as I believe, was his content in doing that duty. His State, indeed, could not follow him. For the first time in his life, he went one way, and Massachusetts went the other. But Massachusetts was as true to her convictions of duty in that hour as he was to his own. It was her profound belief that the result he sought would be perilous if not fatal to the welfare of the country. But the inspiring moral of these events is this, that while deploring his judgment in this single case, and while, later, the Legislature, misconceiving his noble and humane purpose, censured him for the resolutions which the people of the State did not understand, and which they believed, most unjustly to him, to be somehow a wrong to the precious dead, the flower of a thousand homes—yet, despite all this, the great heart of Massachusetts never swerved from Charles Sumner. It was grieved and amazed, and could not forego its own duty because he saw another. But I know that when in that year I spoke in rural Massachusetts, whether in public or in private, to those who, with me, could not follow him, nothing that I said was heard with more sympathy and applause than my declaration of undying honor and gratitude to him. "I seem to lean on the great heart of Massachusetts," he said, in the bitterest hour of the conflict of his life. And it never betrayed him. In that heart not the least suspicion of a mean or selfish motive ever clouded his image—not a doubt of his absolute fidelity to his conscience disturbed its faith; and had he died a year ago, while yet the censure of the Legislature was unrepealed, his body would have been received by you with the same affectionate reverence; here, and in Faneuil Hall, and at the State-house, all honor that boundless gratitude and admiration could lavish would have been poured forth, and yonder in Mount Auburn he would have been laid to rest with the same immense tenderness of sorrow.

This is the great victory, the great lesson, the great legacy of his life, that the fidelity of a public man to conscience, not to party, is rewarded with the sincerest popular love and confidence. What an inspiration to every youth longing with generous ambition to enter the great arena of the state, that he must heed first and always the divine voice in his own soul, if he would be sure of the sweet voices of good fame! Living, how Sumner served us! and dying, at this moment how he serves us still! In a time when politics seem peculiarly mean and selfish and corrupt, when there is a general vague apprehension that the very moral foundations of the national character are loosened, when good men are painfully anxious to know whether the heart of the people is hardened, Charles Sumner dies; and the universality and sincerity of sorrow, such as the death of no man left living among us could awaken, show how true, how sound, how generous, is still the heart of the American people. This is the dying service of Charles Sumner, a revelation which inspires every American to bind his shining example as a frontlet between the eyes, and never again to despair of the higher and more glorious destiny of his country.

And of that destiny what a foreshowing was he! In that beautiful home at the sunny and leafy corner of the national city, where he lived among books and pictures and noble friendships and lofty thoughts—the home to which he returned at the close of each day in the Senate, and to which the wise and good from every land naturally came—how the stately and gracious and all-accomplished man seemed the very personification of that new union for which he had so manfully striven, and whose coming his dying eyes beheld—the union of ever wider liberty and juster law, the America of comprehensive intelligence, and of moral power! For that he stands; up to that his imperishable memory, like the words of his living lips, forever lifts us—lifts us to his own great faith in America and in man. Suddenly from his strong hand—my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!—the banner falls. Be it ours to grasp it, and carry it still forward, still higher! Our work is not his work, but it can be well done only in his spirit. And as in the heroic legend of your western valley the men of Hadley, faltering in the fierce shock of Indian battle, suddenly saw at their head the lofty form of an unknown captain, with white hair streaming on the wind, by his triumphant mien strengthening their hearts and leading them to victory, so, men and women of Massachusetts, of America, if in that national conflict already begun, as vast and vital as the struggle of his life, the contest which is beyond that of any party, or policy, or measure—the contest for conscience, intelligence, and morality as the supreme power in our politics and the sole salvation of America—you should falter or fail, suddenly your hearts shall see once more the towering form, shall hear again the inspiring voice, shall be exalted with the moral energy and faith of Charles Sumner, and the victories of his immortal example shall transcend the triumphs of his life.

JUNE AFTERNOON.

June treads the glowing grass
In mood so blithe and sweet,
Even the careless winds that pass
Drop blossoms at her feet.

She stoops to set the stream
With scented alder bushes,
With the blue-flag's gleam,
And haughty, waving rushes.
Of tender shining rains,
And noonday golds and shadows,
She makes wild daisy chains
For the happy meadows.
She scatters eglantine,
And scarlet columbine.

Ah, June, my lovely lass—
Sweetheart, dost thou not see
I stay to watch thee pass?—
What hast thou brought to me?

Thy gracious ministries
Of delicate warm skies,
Thy wild-rose sermons, sweet,
Like dreams, profound and fleet,
Thy woodland harmony,
Thou givest me.

The vision that can see,
The loving will to learn
How fair thy skies may be,
What in thy roses burn,
Thy secret harmonies—
Ah, give me these!

"LOS COMUNEROS."

When the ancient liberties of Spain were threatened by Charles V. and his mercenary throng of Flemish adherents, the people of several provinces revolted, and for some time maintained a successful stand against the encroachments of the Emperor. Several cities fell into their hands, and the insurrection was rapidly gaining power, under the brilliant leadership of Don John Padilla, when dissensions and irresolution in the Junta, by which the revolt was directed, proved fatal to the movement. Padilla and two of his fellow-officers, Don John Bravo and Don Francis Maldonada, who had held high commands among the insurgents, were captured by the imperial troops, and, without the formality of trial, condemned to die. Padilla viewed the approach of death with calm but undaunted fortitude; and when Bravo expressed some indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor, he checked him with the words, "Yesterday was the time to display the spirit of gentlemen, this day to die with the meekness of Christians." Before being led to the scaffold he addressed a brave and touching letter to his wife, a high-spirited woman, who for some time after his death held the city of Toledo against the Emperor's troops.

Our double-page illustration is engraved from a historical painting by A. Gribbert, intended to represent the execution of these three leaders of "Los Comuneros," or the Commons, by which name the party of liberation was known.

SCOTTISH COVENANTERS BEFORE A BATTLE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Scotland passed in a few years from an abject devotion to Rome to a rigid simplicity in rites and doctrine. The Stuart kings of England strove to force episcopacy and a formal faith upon the unwilling Scotch. The people and their pastors met together to form the Solemn League and Covenant. They abjured popery and prelacy forever; they began the swift movement of modern reform. The Covenant was signed by throngs of nobles and commons in St. Giles's Church-yard, Edinburgh (March 1, 1638), upon a tombstone, sometimes in letters of blood. All Scotland rose in defense of its spiritual independence. The English Presbyterians caught the flame of progress, and in 1643 the Solemn League and Covenant was adopted by the republicans of England. The Covenanters were in the full tide of victory, but were soon checked by their own imprudence. They recalled Charles II. They were defeated by Cromwell. At the Restoration (1660) they were to feel the bitter ingratitude of the worthless Stuart for whom they had put in peril their liberties and their lives.

In the reigns of Charles II. and his brother, James II. (1660–1688), the Covenanters, persecuted and contemned, hid in wild glens, dismal caves, and lonely moors, were shot down by savage dragoons, or often perished in crowded prisons, or died rejoicing on the scaffold. The "testimonies" of their eminent preachers and even of their humblest followers, uttered as they left the world, or prepared in expectation of death, resound with a faith that saw shining before it the towers of the heavenly city, and a swift joy that was glad to be released. During the twenty-eight years of its trials the Scottish Church seemed often ready to sink before its destroyers. Its ministers hid in caves and forests; its people wandered forth by stealth to celebrate their Presbyterian rites in lonely valleys or on desolate moors; its marriages, baptisms, and communion ceremonies were performed under the chill and open sky; while all over Scotland Claverhouse and his wild dragoons hunted the glens and caves with blood-hounds and traitorous spies, and shot down their starving tenants as if they had been beasts of prey. Yet the Scottish ministers still met their faithful people in almost inaccessible retreats, and preached to vast throngs on the declivities of tall mountains, where the cry of the eagle and the ptarmigan alone disturbed their appropriate worship, or often in the still midnight, when the hosts of heaven circled above their heads. The Presbyterian Church still lived amidst the solitude, destined at last to rise from its afflictions, to rule over its native land, and to extend its beneficent teachings to countless throngs of its adherents in the New World.

From one of these numerous gatherings of the persecuted people in the wilderness arose the battle of Drumclog. The Covenanters had come armed and prepared for a bold defense to a solemn religious meeting. The country around Drumclog is a dreary and desolate moor. Loudon Hill rises above, and the vales of the Avon and the Clyde open beneath the lofty fells. Here had gathered peasants and soldiers, women and children, eminent ministers and famous Covenanters on whose heads had been set a tempting price. Balfour of Burley, Hackstoun, and Hamilton, hunted by the officers of justice, were mingled with the throng. The services had begun, the voice of a faithful minister was heard in exhortation and in prayer, when a signal from a neighboring hill announced that the enemy was near. The women and children were at once removed to the rear, the armed men arranged themselves in a line before the morass that protected the front, and swiftly dashing down the side of Calder Hill came Claverhouse at the head of his dragoons. He sent a messenger to the Covenanters summoning them to surrender. They replied with a loud cheer of defiance. A short silence followed, and then the whole Presbyterian army broke into a loud psalm of faith—

> "In Judah's land God is well known,
> His Name in Israel's great"—

and the trumpet-like peal of a thousand voices swelled over the everlasting hills and rose to heaven.

Claverhouse and his men answered with a shout of execration. They dashed into the morass to reach their victims, for they scarcely looked for any resistance from the undisciplined enthusiasts; but a rain of bullets met them as they came on. They faltered; they fled. Claverhouse, enraged to madness, strove to drive his men back upon the foe; but the Covenanters, led by Hackstoun and Balfour, pressed their broken ranks. The Presbyterians were victorious, and Claverhouse fled over the hills, cutting his way through the peasantry who sought to capture him as he passed. For a moment Scotland rose in fierce excitement, hoping to drive prelacy and the Stuarts forever beyond the Tweed.

Yet Drumclog was the last victory of the persecuted Church. A large English army poured across the border; Claverhouse led back his dragoons eager for vengeance; the Highlanders turned against their countrymen; and a series of fatal defeats and massacres filled every glen and valley with slaughter. From 1680 to 1688, with some intermissions of pretended pacification, the Scottish Church sank into its lowest humiliation, its bitterest sorrows. Field-preachings were still held, a Cameron or a Renwick, wan, haggard, and yet ever joyous, thundered amidst the solitudes, and persecuted Covenanters sang exultantly together in the clefts of the mountains; but the dragoons of Claverhouse and the rage of the kings and prelates had nearly completed the extirpation of the primitive faith. With his Bible and his pistol the wild Cameronian might be seen hiding in the caves of Ayrshire or the wildest scenes of the west. Yet a throng of Covenanters were imprisoned on the bare cliffs of Bass Rock—a huge mass of stone that rises from the waters of the Frith of Forth—to perish of cold and disease; and many died on the scaffold at Edinburgh, the noblest and most resolute of martyrs. The last of these victims was James Renwick. Fair, young, learned, eloquent, he had been torn from his bed amidst the moors, where he was already dying of consumption, to meet a public death, 1688, at Edinburgh. A few months more and the arm of William of Orange would have been stretched out to save him. His enemies hastened his execution. A great throng looked on, the drums beat to drown his parting words; yet amidst their clamor he was heard crying out as his "testimony" at the tomb that he lived and died "a Presbyterian Protestant."

In 1688 William of Orange delivered the Scottish Church from its oppressors, and of the various benefits Holland has conferred upon mankind not the least will be ever esteemed the setting free of that fertile national intellect from which was to spring up the fairest fruits of modern culture, which was to cover the bare hills of Scotland with immortal lustre, and people its picturesque scenes with poets, historians, philosophers, and men of genius, the offspring of its persecuted saints. Nor have the heroic struggles of the Scottish martyrs been without their proper influence upon the progress of the race. They have shaken the dull lethargy of the Old World, and pressed onward every generation in the New.